MOVIE PICTORIAL

MARCH
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$5.48	$10.98	$21.95	$32.98	$43.75	$54.98	$65.98	$76.98	$87.50
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Our Terms.—Our terms are cash with order. We sell only for cash. We open no accounts. This enables us to transact our business with practically no expense and absolutely without loss.

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Chicago Savings Bank Building. On the busiest corner in the world. In the busiest street in the world. And the busiest store in the world.

EXTRA SPECIAL SALE GENUINE DIAMOND AND SOLID GOLD LAVALLIERE

No. 5432—$11.98 No. 5433—$7.98 No. 5434—$13.98 No. 5435—$6.98 No. 5436—$9.98

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Without One Cent of Risk

WHY work for wages—be at the mercy of someone else—when you can build a business of your own? Many are making from $150.00 to $1000.00 a month selling

Oxo-Gas Appliances

for Lighting, Heating, Cooking. Easily demonstrated, sure sellers, because Oxo-Gas is the Safest, Best, Most Economical System Made. Universally used, burns kerosene (coal oil)—so makes its users independent of gas or electric corporations. Kerosene for sale everywhere.

Cannot explode, clog or get out of order. Furnishes a flood of clear, soft light in portable lamps or lanterns. Remakes any coal or wood cook stove instantly into an even, steady, sure cooker, turned off or on as needed. Heats a 10 x 10 room at about ½ a cent per hour—less than coal or wood. All this done because Oxo-Gas burns AIR, (free) with ordinary kerosene in our wonderful new Thorium burners—the

Supreme Product of This Wonderful Age in Light and Heat Economy

Demonstrating Oxo-GAS Burner. Sits into any cook stove.

Demonstrating "MATCH LIGHTER" Table Lamp—sells itself.

The Panel Above Shows a fair illustration of just how you can build up a big paying business selling Oxo-Gas Appliances. It is based on the experience of hundreds of our agents as proved by letters in our files. Read this extract from "A

One of many beautiful fixtures to select from. Write for the big profit to our accredited representatives.

Signing the order—OXO-GAS Fixtures sells on sight.

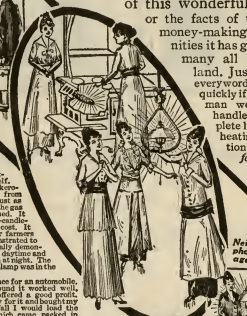
Romance in Hardware," by John A. Dickson, in the Saturday Evening Post of Nov. 28.

"I soon found possibilities in a hardware stock that I had never dreamed of. For instance, I wanted an automobile; but I wanted to buy it as an investment and make it pay for itself. One day I saw advertised a kerosene lamp that burned gas from kerosene through a mantle, just as city gas is burned. It made the gas from the kerosene as it burned. It was said to give an eight-candle-power light at a very low cost. It looked like just the thing for farmers if it could be properly demonstrated to them; but you can't effectually demonstrate a light in a store in the daytime and farmers are not in town much at night. The only way to demonstrate this lamp was in the farmer's home at night.

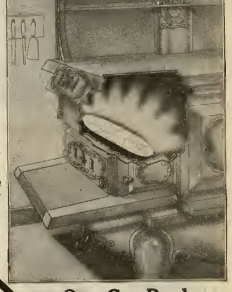
This looked like my chance for an automobile. I got one of the lamps and found it worked well, was simple to operate, and offered a good profit. I secured an exclusive agency for it in my state, and then bought a Ford. I would load the touring car with the lamps, which came packed in separate cartons. Then I'd start into the country. At each farmhouse I'd set up one of the lamps, fill it with oil, show the farmer's wife how to light it, and ask her to use it instead of the old lamps until I called for it. I also gave her some statistics about defective eyesight in farmers' homes due to poor lighting. "You can imagine that when night came the whole family was interested in lighting that lamp; and when they found the room flooded with a beautiful white light you couldn't have taken that lamp away by force. I could cover thirty or forty miles of road a day easily, and within a radius of sixty miles of Evansburg I've sold lamps to nearly every farmer who hadn't some other system of lighting. Many of them bought two some, three I paid for myself, at night, and made appointments and was back for second trips. I also had a good thing selling lamps to the farmers' wives. Remember we did only furnish you with the lamp but heating and cooking systems also.

Neighbors phoning agent to call.

Threeny of her friends.



Agent buys automobile to handle OXO-GAS business.



Oxo-Gas Producer for Cooking Range

Write at once for our prices to agents

Depositing the profits of a growing business.

Do You Want to Make Money?

Are you the live, ambitious man we want to represent us in your locality? Do you want to have the exclusive sales of the fixtures for which the big oil companies furnish the fuel?

What would it mean to you if Standard Oil took you into partnership—gave you the exclusive right to sell *all their* fixtures? That's just what we offer you—an exclusive agency—a monopoly of the best line made. Don't you want to get in on this? If you do you will act at once—before you lay this paper down, as territory is being assigned daily.

Show us you are an earnest, live worker—a man whom we can afford to have represent our nation-wide business—and we will show you how to get some of this exclusive territory. We can sell this territory for large sums, but we only want *workers*. We take all the risk as we *know* what a good thing we have, just as you will *know* or anyone else *knows* who ever tries any of our line of fixtures. If you want to be the Gloria man in your neighborhood, or become a big *general agent*, fill out and mail this coupon at once. Don't send a cent; show us you have a few dollars and mean business, as we can't correspond with curiosity seekers, but not one cent leaves your control until you have tried the complete outfit and it proves to your entire satisfaction every point we claim. Does this mean you?

Using this Coupon May Be the Turning Point in Your Life

GLORIA LIGHT CO., Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill. Dept. J

Gentlemen: Without any obligation on my part, except my duty to investigate an opportunity, please send me full free information on your proposition.

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FUTURE FILM FEATURES

They await the arrival

of the late coming guest

"Come on — let's get married!"

"You are unworthy of a love other than the one you now claim."

"WHEN WE WERE 21"

PRODUCED BY
THE FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM COMPANY

CAST

Richard Audaine—"The Imp"	William Elliott
Dick Carew—His Guardian.	Charles Waldron
Mrs. Ericson.	Mrs. Gordon
Phyllis.	Helen Luttrell
Peggy.	Winifred Allen
"The Firefly"	Marie Empress
"The Trinity"	Arthur Hoops Charles Coleman George Bachus

SYNOPSIS

Young Richard Audaine is so full of life and sheer deviltry he is called "The Imp" by his admiring guardian, Dick Carew, and "The Trinity." Carew's three life-long friends.

Mrs. Ericson, a relative of one of "The Trinity" and her two pretty daughters, Phyllis and Peggy, help to make a home for Carew and "The Imp." Carew, himself, loves Phyllis, the elder sister, but he feels that "The Imp" has chosen wisely when it is learned that these two young people are engaged, so he hides his sore heart under congratulations. Back at college, "The Imp" soon forgets the quiet Phyllis for the fascinations of a dancer known as "The Firefly," and he falls a victim to her wiles.

Phyllis does not pine during the absence of young Richard, for she truly loves his guardian, but belittling her engagement to "The Imp" Carew's wish, keeps her secret love to herself. It happens that the younger sister, Peggy, adores "The Imp" and treasures every careless smile that handsome youth has carelessly given. When the youth returns from college Carew and "The Trinity" prepare a birthday feast in honor to his majority. Just after the four men drink a toast to "The days when we were twenty-one" young Richard, the absentee guest, staggers in hopelessly drunk. The horrified "Trinity" conceal him from his guardian, who has gone for cigars, hurrying the helpless "Imp" to bed. But the roystering blade has gotten into more serious trouble, for following a chivalrous impulse he married the dangerous "Firefly" and is now at his wits end to keep Phyllis, Carew and "The Trinity" from learning his plight. A note reveals the secret of the marriage to "The Firefly."

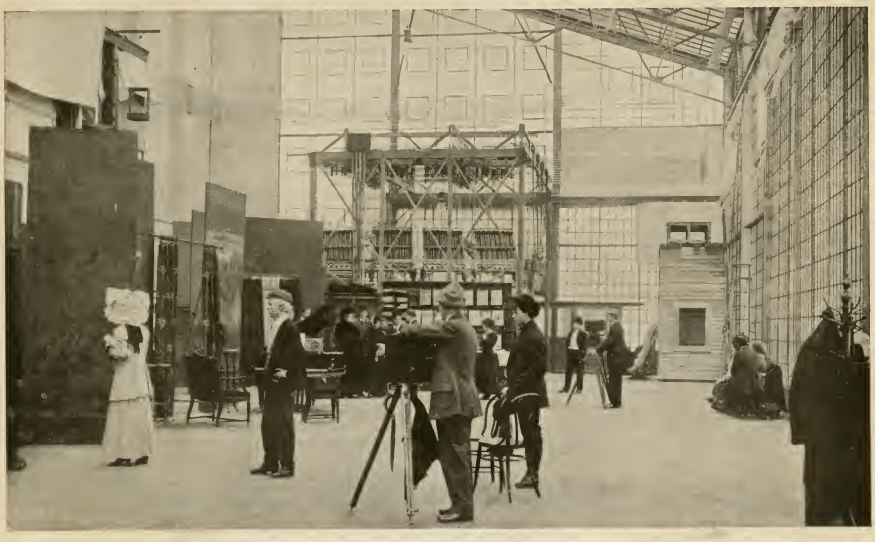
The remainder of the exciting comedy-drama is devoted to "The Imp's" fearful awakening from his love-dream, his impulse to murder, his reformation, his reconciliation with the guardian he has estranged, and a final divestment of all the tangled love affairs, in which Carew and Phyllis, "The Imp" and Peggy find their true mates.

Absolute forgiveness and the "Imp" promises to be good

Carew and "The Trinity" plead with him to be a man

A lost love ----a wiser man---a new love in the lurking and again the beginning ----the engagement

MOVIE PICTORIAL



UNDER THE SKYLIGHT

BY GEORGE L. COX

THE verse cut deep in the entrance hall of a home in Frankfort, Germany, might fittingly be carved above the portal to any of our present day motion picture studios as a silent tribute to their universal Brotherhood.

> "Hail, Guest; we ask not what thou art.
> If Friend, we greet thee hand and heart;
> If Stranger, such no longer be;
> If Foe, our love shall conquer thee."

These abodes of a comparatively new art form, contain extraordinary settings for the most wonderful educational, industrial and pictorial panoramas to be found in the world today.

Visualizing one in particular, we are impressed with the magnitude of the enterprise and the tremendous activities housed therein. The studio proper is a mammoth glass-roofed structure measuring three hundred and fifty feet in length by two hundred in width. Across this vast area humming with the combined labors of a thousand actors, scenic artists, carpenters, producers and camera men, we catch fleeting glimpses of the artists at work.

To the conservative, staid business man of affairs the sight is not likely to encourage earnest support. To him it will ever be a tinselled realm of small consequence, an unattractive hedge of painted men and women strutting about in a silly make-believe world, strangely detached and inferior to his own. To those of the theater, it is the land of heart's desire, something far removed from the work-a-day-crowd; a sphere to be envied and sought after; because, they understand and dwell amid the heights of an ethereal cloud-land peopled with exquisite images of their own creation.

To the uninitiated, something new and interesting awaits. Leading up from a broad flight of cement steps one enters the studio proper. Here may be seen in proximity perhaps a dozen different scene-sets, no two having any connection with the other. Directors, manuscript in hand, like generals in an army marshalling their forces for action. Property men arranging draperies and furniture, scenic-artists industriously engaged, camera men getting their "line-ups," actors and actresses rehearsing their lines and going over intricate pieces of *business*, each apparently engrossed in their endeavor, yet, collectively work together in absolute harmony.

The "Boss," or owner, of the plant enters—not a quiver of additional excitement on the part of his employees. They have nothing to fear and they know it, they are not dumb-driven cattle afraid to look up as the "King" approaches; here, indeed, is a splendid example of real social democracy! A man among men, genial and whole-souled with a smile and word of encouragement to those that cross his path irrespective of their station.—Truly a rarity in this commercial age.

A fussy little fat man carrying himself importantly scurries hurriedly across the floor scowling ferociously, a half-chewed unlit cigar in his mouth, rebellion in his heart, a well thumbed scenario between his chubby fingers, and a worldly striving for effect which is not to be ignored by the satellites who cringe at his slightest mental upheaval. Christopher Columbus Wilson, the aforesaid mentioned party, a strange composite creature of varying whims. Big of frame and broad of girth, swept the narrow limitations of his domain like an avalanche; and, yet at times under the thin layer of external veneer, the soul of the man came to the surface expressing tenderness which might have done justice to a mother's heart.

"What's biting his royal knobs this morning?" cheerily chirped Doc, one of the assistant "props." "'Say kid, what's wrong with you're belfry, ain't

you'se wise to his game? He's piped the Boss, that's all, he's in for a killin'," came the willing rejoinder from a knight of the paint-brush who happened to overhear the remark, "Cut it out and get busy, get busy!"

In stentorian tones Wilson assumed command: "Everybody concerned in scene 32 kindly come this way," he announced like a superior ruffian bent on mischief. The scene referred to lent itself admirably to his grandiose methods of stage procedure. A wonderful old Italian garden of medieval period, embellished with bright banners, flaring flags, curiously wrought antique lanterns, old urns, low marble benches and great banks of foliage flanking every side. In the background, faithfully represented was a stately palace with porticos and little balconies, where the musicians were stationed tuning their instruments beneath a striped canopy, flower bedecked.

Wilson was invariably successful with massive productions, calling for the services of hundreds of people, such as the scenario in this case demanded, and the pity was that he knew it. As deeds are weighed in studios as well as actions, much was to be forgiven, because much was given in return in the way of dollars and cents, a fact not overlooked by the auditing department where the debit and credit side of the ledger was an open Bible for guidance, irrevocably measuring the standard of the smallest or greatest genius that ever graced the payroll.

Today Wilson gloried in a superb cast, the pick of the best regular Stock members (much to the chagrin of other directors who had to get along with lesser luminaries), and a well drilled force of experienced supernumeraries, to say nothing of the Boss for extra measure in the capacity of private audience. Wilson surveyed the assemblage with one sweeping glance: "Attention everybody! Musicians, take your places. Ladies, less talking please! Mrs. Ryan, you are supposed to be the Marchioness of Bologna; this is the ancestral mansion, and you, as hostess, are discovered in the place of honor under the balcony prepared to welcome your guests. Is that clear?"

"Excuse me just a minute, Governor," the property man apologized, "I've got to work in here. Johnny and me can't get that darned old fountain to work just right."

Johnny crawled around on his hands and knees, interrupted the rehearsal quite unconcerned while adjusting a long stretch of rubber garden hose, half concealed by grass mats.

"Hy! there! Blooch, turn on the julce. I want to see if she's working now."

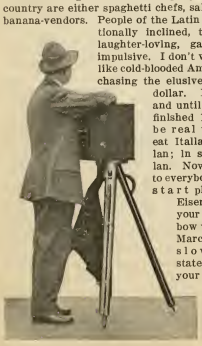
Wilson, momentarily distracted from his original point of attack, looked daggers.

"Ah, quit yer kiddin', Governor; take 'er easy; it'll be all the same a hundred years from now."

"Say, little one," the "Governor" replied in a slightly chilled voice, "did you come to repair a leak or recite an impromptu soliloquy? If so, we will all sit down and listen."

Johnny, unabashed, went on with his work. Suddenly graceful streams of water shot skyward from the golden images surmounting the fountain and the scene resumed.

"Mrs. Ryan, get ready to receive your guests. Ladies, kindly remember that you are members of the nobility and selected from the best society.—Try to act as much like the '400' as you can. Forget for the time being that all the 'wops' you know in this country are either spaghetti chefs, saloon-keepers or banana-vendors. People of the Latin races are emotionally inclined, temperamental, laughter-loving, gay-hearted and impulsive. I don't want you to act like cold-blooded American citizens chasing the elusive and almighty dollar. From now on and until this picture is finished I want you to be real true Latins; eat Italian, dream Italian; in short, live Italian. Now, is that clear to everybody? Musicians start playing. Miss Elsendrath, that is your cue to enter; bow very low to the Marchioness; then slowly and with stately step take your position with some of the court ladies to one side down stage until it is time for you to dance.—Unknowingly, you have been followed here by your ardent and hated nemesis, Fernandez, a regular Don Juan sort of a fellow who is not in the running because you love another named Levardo. He is stalwart, young and handsome, a regular Yale athlete, but poor as Job's turkey and father after giving him the double O, has informed you there is nothing doing.—Do you get me?"



Miss Elsendrath, a young dark eyed gazelle of a girl, alive to her finger tips, sprang into view like a frightened fawn and pouted roguishly back at him. "Yes, thank you, Mr. Wilson, I get you."

"Now then, let's proceed; Flower girls and dancing maidens! As Miss Elsendrath finishes her dance, they form a semi-circle immediately back of her. Wave the festooned floral branches that you carry, forming an arch under which she passes. This is where we start to build our climax. With all eyes turned toward the beautiful dancer, everybody applauding and chatting, Fernandez enters unexpectedly. He presses a little nearer, ravishing you with his eyes, fascinating and intoxicating you with the pent up fury of his love. You cover your eyes, try to get away, stagger as if to fall, clutching at the urn to your left for support, bewildered, not knowing which way to turn. Levardo enters, rushes to your assistance, encircles your body with his strong right arm, facing Fernandez defiantly This position I want held a second as we have a cut-in speech to go in there, after which Levardo bears you triumphantly away amid great excitement. Now, is that clear to everybody?"

A tall blond in a borrowed brocaded court gown, patted her pompadour and shifted her one hundred and eighty pounds avoirdupois to a more comfortable position just in time to be reprimanded for massaging a wad of gum.—"Miss Whatever-your-name-is, the tall one in the rear next to Miss Allspice, stop working your jaws overtime. When this play was supposed to have taken place such abominations were unknown!—Violet Stevens, fix the placket of your skirt. It gaps in the back when you turn to the camera! Now everybody, let's rehearse! Then we'll try to make it! Come on, wake up! Give me a little pep! Marchioness commence, please! Musicians, start playing!

"Everybody look off stage; wave your handkerchiefs, clap your hands. Move faster. The action drags. There, that's better. Charley Roberts, can that 'Coffin Nail!' The next man that comes into this studio with a lighted cigaret will be fired for good. And that goes, too!—On Miss Elsendrath. Bow to the Marchioness. Slowly down front.—Music cue.—start your dance. Scatter your veils like a vaporous cloud about you. There, that's better. That's what I want!—Mrs. Ryan, more to the left. Don't look at me. Your face is partly hidden in shadow. Now, flower girls, remember what I told you! Dancing girls liven up; form your circle. Fernandez on. See her. Hold it! Hold it! Music cue.—start your dance. Scatter your veils like a vaporous cloud about you. There, that's better. That's what I want!—Mrs. Ryan, more to the left. Don't look at me. Your face is partly hidden in shadow. Now, flower girls, remember what I told you! Dancing girls liven up; form your circle. Fernandez on. See her. Hold it! Hold it! Music cue.—start your dance. Scatter your veils like a vaporous cloud about you. There, that's better. That's what I want!—Mrs. Ryan, more to the left. Don't look at me. Your face is partly hidden in shadow. Now, flower girls, remember what I told you! Dancing girls liven up; form your circle. Fernandez on. See her. Hold it! Hold it! Music cue.—start your dance. Scatter your veils like a vaporous cloud about you. There, that's better. That's what I want!—Mrs. Ryan, more to the left. Don't look at me. Your face is partly hidden in shadow. Now, flower girls, remember what I told you! Dancing girls liven up; form your circle. Fernandez on. See her. Hold it! Hold it! Move. Stagger, Miss Elsendrath. Act as if you're going to faint. Levardo on! This scene is yours; go to it. Grab her. Flash defiance at Fernandez. Exit! More excitement, everybody talking, watching them off. Hold your places. Well, folks, that's not so bad for a first performance, is it?

"Miss Elsendrath, you are a little too self conscious, it spoils your work. You're not supposed to know anything about Fernandez being here, until after your dance. Be natural and don't look like a scared Hottentot!—Fernandez, fix your wig and pull up your tights!

"Levardo, your work lacks conviction, stop posing, be natural, don't act like a comic-opera soubrette strutting about waiting for a solo number to hog the show! The camera will *get you* all right.—Musicians when the Marchioness screams, stop playing, become interested in the scene, lean over the railing, look down, ask questions of one another.

"How's your line up, Eddie?"

"All set, Governor; we'd better take it before the light gets any worse. A cloud is settling and we'll be in shadow before long. It's contrasty already."

"Positions everybody! Remember what I've told you. Get ready! Start your action. GO!"

Slowly, majestically, the scene swung into place and Wilson presented an interesting study in human emotions as he minutely followed the action of every creature before him, stop-watch in hand. Shouting orders, his critically trained, all seeing eyes following every thread of the delicate web unfolding under his masterful direction. Now he was working like a Trojan, beads of perspiration trickling down his flushed, eager, anxious, excited face. He shouted, threatened, implored, cajoled, gesticulated and cursed all in one breath, his very heart beating a wild tattoo to the incessant grinding of the camera.

The old Marchioness held court austerely with regal bearing; the flower girls danced in easy rhythm while they scattered their choicest blooms to the breeze. The scene was a marvel of poise, technique and brilliant execution and when it was completed, Wilson turned happily to the operator.

"How many feet did she run, Eddie?"

"One hundred and five, Governor."

"Here too, Son," he nodded, glancing at his watch, "and it's going to be a peach."

Eddie jotted down the scene and amount of film used in his daily report card. Then he opened the door of his camera case. His face went white. He looked at Wilson.

"It's a make-over," he said simply, "the machine 'kicked' I told them boobs down in the machine-shop not to let this old shoe-shining outfit go out on another job until it was carefully overhauled. The sprocket wheel is worn off and don't take up as it should. Gee! That's rotten luck," he added half apologetically, noticing Wilson's crestfallen expression, a fine mist filming the director's eyes where only a moment before a thousand brilliant fires gleamed with all the vigor of early youth. He stood gazing out of the weather begrimmed glass wall, plainly distressed. Then he wheeled about facing the mob, his powerful jaws clicked together like a steel trap as if ashamed of his display of momentary weakness. Every eye was intently focused on him.

"Look out, fellows," ventured Charley Roberts, the incorrigible. "Hell's a'brewing, the artistic temperament must be appeased, somebody will get it in the neck before the day's over with; mark my words."

"Oh, cut it out, Chick. He ain't near as bad as you try to make out. It's a wonder he ain't bugs entirely with such a bunch of rummies on his hands."

"Oh, slush! Speak for yourself, Cutey. That's what he's getting paid for. You've got to be more or less nutty before you can become a producer, and the only good ones in the business are the ones who were such rotten actors they couldn't hold a job down at that any longer, so they were elevated to the dippy class."

"Well, Chick, if you're wise you'll tend to your knitting. *Bo*-lieve me; a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, and you don't find any bushes blooming in January along little old Broadway as Georgia Cohan would interpolate."

These and sundry remarks were passed ad lib, in sotto voice, among the rank and file while Eddie was reloading his machine.

"All right, Governor," he said at last, closing the door with a gentle bang to emphasize his contempt of all machines in general.

"Let her flicker. Come, folks, once more, please."

Wilson's old fighting spirit had returned. He was ready for the fray with increased energy. "Get ready! Start your action! GO!"

Once more the scene was enacted with even more brilliancy, dash and finish than characterized the first attempt.

"STOP!" he yelled lustily when it was over with, amid faint murmurings of the most heartless, witty conversation in Christendom. "What's the verdict? Did she kick again?"

"Not so you could notice it," Eddie answered. "Tell them to hold their positions; I want a 'still' of this scene."

Wilson placed the principals down in the foreground and the picture was snapped.

"Everybody on in the next scene excepting Miss Elsendrath and Levardo. CLEAR! Mrs. Ryan, take a step or two towards Fernandez; pause and order him from the grounds. The idea is to humiliate him before your guests whom he has outraged by his behavior. I want this to register strong. Fernandez, stretch your hands toward her, imploring forgiveness; her snub means your social annihilation. The Marchioness pays no attention to your entreaties. She enters the house followed by the ladies of her retinue, leaving you dejected, broken and alone. Come slowly down stage facing the camera. You have an opportunity for a great piece of work here; glancing about to make sure that there is no one to overhear or see. You smile craftily Your brain has evolved a means for revenge

While you meditate, a trusted henchman enters. You beckon him to your side, tell him to——"

"Well, what's wrong now, Eddie?" Wilson inquired jocularly as fragments of picturesque sentences addressed in the first person reached his ears.

"Oh, nothing much; I lost my view-finder, that's all!"

"Well, why so excited? If it was a snake it would bite you. There it is under the radiator."

"All right, Old Top, much obliged."

"Now, then, once more, let's rehearse before our young friend here at my right loses the camera. Fernandez, show surprise; act as you imagine an Italian of royal blood would under the circumstances. On Henchman! See him, Fernandez. Call him to you; glance furtively about to be sure that you are unobserved."

Fernandez faithfully portrayed the action as instructed down to the minutest detail, then stood quite still chatting volubly with his companion.

"Well, what's wrong! Going to keep up that gabfest all day! Got stage fright! Gone on a strike, or what's the idea?" Wilson flung out sarcastically. "You're *supposed to act* in this scene, if it's not inconveniencing you any."

Fernandez's eyes dilated and fell, an angry flush of color crimsoned his make-up a deeper hue. Unflinchingly, he returned look for look, repression written in his every movement. Then slowly in even calm measured tones he flung back: "You will pardon me, Mr. Wilson, for reminding you that under the circumstances your remarks are ill-timed and unnecessary. I lay no claim to clairvoyance and without that gift I am unable to follow you further. Your instructions to me were interrupted by another's misfortune. Therefore, until such time that you inform me what to do, I must remain where we left off."

The old Marchioness turned her head to smile, and would have willingly paid a dollar for the privilege of unrestrained mirth as the occasion demanded had she dared. Fernandez was an old member of the regular stock company, reliable and worthy in every respect and for a long time had been regarded as one of Wilson's favorites, as far as that application could fit his vagaries of mind from one day's end to the other. He was as fickle as a chorus girl and as vain. There could be no doubt that Wilson was offended though down deep in his heart he loved a fighter, and a man who would stand up for his rights. He resented being publicly reprimanded and for the second the blood rushed to his head, while irregular swollen veins stood out in strong relief like whipcords against the pallor of his cheeks.

"I beg your pardon," he placated condescendingly, wishing to avoid further hostilities; "I guess it's my

(*Continued on page 24*

SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUN

A PICTORIAL VOYAGEUR REPORTER—*Grace Darling*

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THE American newspaper reporter leads the vanguard for emancipated woman a position attained not through any gallantry toward the sex or catering to feminine weakness; for she has survived the "double-cross" and the "scribe" in earning a place among the "top-notchers" for pen cleverness since the days that Nelly Bly circumnavigated the globe with a small hand-bag, the news-seeking sisterhood has been persistent and progressive in chronicling the day's doings.

The latest type news-notcher is the moving picture reporter, originated and invested by Grace Darling, who is making the rounds of the continent as the representative of the Hearst-Selig News Pictorial. From the standpoint of enthusiastic and unprejudiced youth, she is looking over the ways of the world news and the works of man. From locations that may have grown monotonous and creations that may appear commonplace — vital interpretative sense gives them a new and vivacious interest in delightful affiliation with the new art-form — moving pictures.

And in order that the readers of Movie Pictorial might share a closer insight into the procedure of this newest auxiliary of filmdom, Miss Darling was invited to relate somewhat of her trip from New York to the city at the Golden Gate.

Special Correspondence for the
MOVIE PICTORIAL
San Francisco, California.

"Just as soon as I finish this, I am going to meet the venerable Ishi, the last of the California Indians, my final memory of the wonderful experiences I have had since I left New York to give impressions for the Hearst-Selig News Pictorial.

"You must know there is a difference between the newspaper reporter and the new idea expressed in the "movie reporter." The former is compelled to chronicle many things unpleasant, while the latter is fortunate in only having agreeable experiences, interpretating with an accompaniment of the moving picture camera, scenes of beauty or the more agreeable phases of life.

"Everything has seemed very wonderful to me since the day only a few weeks ago when I left New York City with a letter from Mayor Mitchel of New York for Mayor Rolph of San Francisco, and a letter from Governor Whitman for Governor Johnson of California. The mayor was very nice to me. He smiled sweetly, signed the letter and handed it to me, wished me *bon voyage* and sent his private secretary and the New York City Fire Commissioner to the steamship pier to see me off. Governor Whitman was just as courteous and helped me into my automobile when I left the Capitol at Albany.

"But the real excitement did not start until after the steamship Almirante had left New York for Colon. On our second day out we sighted an Italian steamer flying a flag of distress, sent a lifeboat to the steamer and learned that she had been drifting about for several days without coal. She had no wireless and had been unable to summon assistance. We sent an aerogram to New York for her, and were told that a United States Revenue Cutter would be sent to her aid. All of our passengers were very much excited about it. We crowded the railing and clamored about the moving picture operator while he made pictures of our lifeboat leaving and returning.

Grace Darling and Ishi, the Last of the California Indians

Grace Darling and Colonel Harding in Front of the Administration Building at Panama

"Kingston, Jamaica, was our first stop. There I was allowed to land and was received by the Governor and taken for a ride through Jamaica in his automobile. Then we continued our journey to Colon, where we arrived in the early morning. I was so anxious to land that I wanted to get into some kind of a boat and go ashore at once, but the officers of the Almirante assured me that there were certain formalities to be gone through with first. We were finally permitted to go ashore. I was delighted with the town; with its quaint houses and peculiar narrow, twisting streets.

"The hotel arrangements were excellent and when the time came to leave I almost regretted the necessity. I passed through the Canal on the steamship Great Northern, but before boarding, went for a tour of inspection of some of the great locks. All of the technical workings of the wonderful and massive mechanism were explained to me, but I fear that I did not understand it very well. I was shown over Miraflores Locks, Gatun Dam, Gatun Lake, and the village of Gatun. I found this small but vitally important village and its surroundings, including the soldiers' quarters, especially interesting. At the headquarters of the

"Then Came the Most Wonderful Experience of All, We Flew Over the Bay with the City and Exposition Grounds Lying in the Distance. It was Wonderful"

Canal Zone Government, I was introduced to Col. Harding, the Acting Governor of the Zone. I was much disappointed in not being able to meet Col. Goethals, of whom I had read so much, but I was told the Governor of the Zone was in Washington. Col. Harding escorted me about the Administration building and afterwards posed with me on the steps of the building.

"On the way back I rode in an 'electric mule,' one of those peculiar little electric locomotives that haul the great liners through the Canal. The engineer took me into his cab and we rode over continual inclines something like the 'thrillers' at summer amusement parks, only these 'mules' are not tricky and don't travel very fast. The engineer said that if they did they would be thrown off the track, and that when they are hauling a steamer through the Canal they naturally have to move slowly.

"Then I boarded the Great Northern and met Norman E. Mack, former Democratic State Chairman of New York, and Ex-Governor Glynn of New York (members of the New York Commission for the Panama-Pacific Exposition). They were going to make the trip through the Canal to San Francisco and I found them wonderfully agreeable company. Governor Glynn and Mrs. Glynn, and Mr. and Mrs. Mack and their daughter attended the luncheon given me on my arrival at San Francisco.

"The first stop made by the Great Northern was at San Diego. I landed for a brief time, and visited the Panama-California Exposition and was shown about by the President of the Exposition. From San Diego I went to Los Angeles, but stayed only a short while, continuing my trip to 'Frisco.

Soon after the Great Northern had passed the Golden Gate, we were met by the Committee Boat, with Mayor Rolph and a lot of prominent persons on board. I climbed down a ladder to the Committee Boat, was introduced to Mayor Rolph, Mrs. Rolph and several justices of the Supreme Court, Appellate Court and Superior Court, who composed the committee. After I had handed Mayor Rolph my letter, and he had read it and I was presented to the members of the committee, Silas Christofferson, who had been flying over our heads in his hydro-aeroplane, alighted gracefully on the water beside our boat and transferred me to his machine.

"Then came the most wonderful experience of all. We flew over the bay, with the city and exposition grounds lying in the distance. It was wonderful. Somehow I didn't feel a bit afraid. The gentle swaying of the aeroplane was pleasant, and even when it took a sudden dip once or twice I only lost my breath for a moment. After the flight I got into Mayor Rolph's automobile, and followed by a dozen other machines, we went to the Hotel St. Francis where luncheon was served and speeches were made.

"And there are dozens of things for me to do. Do you wonder that I find being a moving picture reporter delightful? I don't think any writer could do justice to the wonderful California scenery — but the moving picture camera can, despite the fact that you will lose the glorious color tints.

GRACE DARLING."

* * * * * *

Since the close of this letter, Grace Darling has crossed the continent and been an interested and interesting sojourner in Chicago. The railway journey was uneventful, so she rested for more adventurous experiences after her adventurous days in Panama and along the Pacific Coast, among the new and magically beautiful architectural creations in Fair and Exposition.

The representative of Movie Pictorial found Grace Darling as befitting her name, a blonde type, with clear cut features, svelte-lissome figure — a regular Nell Brinkley girl — pictorially impressive.

"Whenever We Hesitate the Crowd Gathers

Until she made her Pacific Coast trip, she had never journeyed west of Albany, so she had ample chances for surprise with every mile of progress.

"What experience has impressed you the most?" ventured an interviewer.

"This is so sudden!" responded the young lady, raising her hand to her brow, showing a Cornell fraternity ring quite unconsciously. "You see I have seen so many wonderful things since I left dear old New York, it is hard to name the big sensations in a minute." She thought for a moment and responded: "Well, I believe my trip in a hydro-aeroplane over San Francisco Bay was one of them, and playing with the leopards and tigers in Selig's Zoo in Los Angeles was the next!" She smiled at the thought of the daring adventures.

"I have been in Chicago five days and have enjoyed every waking moment, and I marvel at the spirit of the city that is so brisk it is infectious — believe me!

"Yes, I have been shopping in wonderful stores and have had some time navigating squally, wonderful streets with a camera-man grinding on my trail. I did so want to stop and look at the well dressed women; but whenever we hesitated the crowd gathered. Do you know I had to be rescued by the police? The crowd was so pressing when I came out of the Court of Domestic Relations, they just had to carry me."

"You have been in court, then?" queried the scribe.

"Worse than that. Why I've been in jail! It was this way: when I visited the Selig Studio, I met Mr. Selig for the first time at the big plant on the North Side. He very kindly remarked I was too attractive to be at large, and all at once walked me through a barred door; and they made a 'movie' of me behind the bars before I knew it. Then he kindly released me on my own recognizance. He is some joker!

"Curiously enough, I was invited to sit with the judge in the Court of Domestic Relations, and the first case I was asked to pass upon was that of a moving-picture actress.

"It's all in a day's work," smilingly remarked Miss Darling as she was summoned to lecture on her travels at a picture theater.

"It's all in a day's work!"—Yes, variety is the keynote of the work of the Pictorial Voyageur Reporter, or "Movie Reporter," as this latest auxiliary of filmdom will come to be familiarly known. And ever in the day's work will be the unremitting companionship of the clicking moving picture camera.

"I've Been in Jail. It Was this Way. When I Visited the Selig Studio, I Met Mr. Selig for the First Time. He Very Kindly Remarked I Was Too Attractive to Be at Large, and He Walked Me Through a Barred Door, and They Made a 'Movie' of Me"

I Had to Be Rescued By the Police"

A VISIT TO THE FAVORITE PLAYERS STUDIO

BY
Dick Melbourne

Photo by Witzel, L. A.

They form a sharp contrast, Blackwell and Taylor, the former tall, slim, alert, dark eyed and black haired; the latter strong of face with the "Irish" showing in the keen eyes and the long upper lip, big boned and built for strength and tenacity.

This is the commencement of a Series on the Studios. Each issue of Movie Pictorial will contain a "visit" to one of the prominent moving picture studios. The stories will bring you closer to the players and their associates, carry you into their workaday lives, acquaint you with the daily "Spinning of Webs" of various human film stories by these groups of remarkable people that comprise the artist organization within the studios.

Photo by Mojonier, L. A.

"I HAVE got to have room," said Carlyle Blackwell, as I remarked upon the fact that he had two dressing rooms made into one. "I hate to be cramped," and as I sat by his oil stove, for it was very early in the morning and the rains had left the atmosphere damp, I surveyed the rows of clothes neatly hung behind canvas curtains, hats galore and shoes a plenty. Carlyle Blackwell is a proverbial, good and careful dresser and just what his tailor bills come to per month, he would not tell me.—"I do not keep count," he argued, "when I want a new suit I go and get one and I aim to dress all my parts correctly. I am a strong advocate for good clothes on the screen and when anyone tells you that cheap suits register as well as tailored clothes, you can tell him emphatically he is incorrect in his surmise."

It is care with details and conscientiousness in his acting and dressing which have made Carlyle Blackwell the undoubted favorite he is today, and false economy either in dress, or in the mounting of a picture has stopped many an actor's career or a concern's progress at a certain unwise point.

The director, William D. Taylor, was preparing for an interior scene in the production of "The High Hand," and I noted that he superintended everything to the smallest detail, himself. They form a sharp contrast, Taylor and Blackwell, the latter slim, alert, dark eyed and black haired, the former strong of face with the "Irish" showing in the keen eyes and the long upper lip, big boned and built for strength and tenacity. Taylor was formerly one of the finest actors on the legitimate stage and on the screen and created quite a sensation with his "Captain Alvarez," the six reeler put on by the Vitagraph Company. They make a splendid alliance, and during their pleasant association, Carlyle Blackwell has done better work than ever before, and Taylor has never done anything so good as his direction of "The High Hand," and "The Last Chapter."

"Daddy" Springer has surpassed himself in the furnishings of the beautiful set and Daddy deserves a word to himself for he is quite a character. He is devoted to Blackwell, and when the latter went East with the Famous Players to act in "The Spitfire," Springer worked for another firm, but he told Carlyle that the moment he heard he was coming back, he would quit, and he did. He was waiting for his late boss at the station and there was never any question in his mind that he would do anything else but work for the newly formed Favorite Players Company, and he is part and parcel of it. Springer has a persuasive way with him and can coax anything from a broom handle to a sarcophagus from a peasant or a millionaire, a barn or a museum. They know he will always return what he borrows in good condition and woe betide the property man or artist who puts so much as a scratch on any article he brings into the studio.

The scene being ready, Blackwell and the others appearing in it, were duly called. Douglas Gerrard was one of them and Douglas is another Irishman with the tell-tale lip and black curly hair, and oh, the ready tongue of him, he has an answer ready for one all the time, and he can argue the leg off an iron pot. With it all, he is a brilliant actor and an excellent foil to Blackwell, and he is always scrupulously dressed and is terribly worried if he finds a hair on his coat or a crease out of place. Gerrard did good work for the Kalem and Majestic Companies, and was well known on the legitimate stage before he essayed picture acting. Johnny Sheehan was ready for his part, ANOTHER Irishman and another witty one too. Johnny has a curious drawl and tells so many funny stories that he has to be admonished and subdued at times—subdued for about two minutes. He is a character actor and an artist at make-up and a valuable member of the company Billy Brunton is another stand-by, and if William had only been born with a few more inches atop of him, he would be a big figure on the pantomimic stage, and he is regarded as one of the best screen actors, as it is.

There Is But One Girl, and a Little One at That. Neva Gerber Is So Small and So Pretty That She Looks Almost Out of Place with All the Men.

There was but one girl, and a little one at that, Neva Gerber is so small and so pretty that she looks almost out of place with all the men, and she has the only woman's part of consequence in the present photoplay. Neva has worked with Carlyle before, during the time he was a member of the Kalem Company, with whom he made such a name for himself, and Neva was also with Edwin August and acted opposite her present director when he was acting and producing for the Balboa Company at Long Beach.

To get away from the Irish element somewhat, the company have a clever little Englishman to turn the crank of the camera, for Homer Scott has earned his place by his truly wonderful photography and his past record. Scott was imprisoned in Mexico for some time and only escaped death by a miracle. He is fond of adventure and would risk it all again, only there is a Mrs. Scott who objects and thinks that her hubby takes risks enough with the ordinary motion picture concern, so Scott lives in an apartment house and works faithfully and well and gets much credit for his camera ingenuity.

Then there is Henry Kernan, who assists his director and who also takes papas and merchants and parts which he does with due dignity and aplomb. Harry is a useful man, having been architect in days gone by.

The work at the Favorite Players studio goes along very smoothly. Taylor knows just what he wants and has the ability to get it without too much effort; he has experienced artists who do not need too much directing, and in Carlyle Blackwell he has about the easiest acting star in the game. Blackwell is highly intelligent and grasps any situation readily, and is never above helping a less resourceful actor who plays with him. The company is just a happy family. To those who think that this acting is mere play, I would say that every member of the cast ate breakfast before seven o'clock in order to be made up and

(*Continued on page 26*)

The Secret of Paint Creek

SECOND INSTALLMENT

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Clem Peyton, editor, and Bob McKee, business manager, owners of the Warrentown Bugle, face failure one good "Scoop" would put them again in the race with their rival, The Argus. Doc Mowry, the Coroner, happens in. Having failed to reach the Sheriff, he tips them off that he is on his way to the scene of a sinister tragedy. Clem rises avidly to the occasion, accompanies the Coroner to the scene and is thereby first newsman on the trail. At the distant Hope Farm, the body of a man is found hanging from the limb of a huge oak a green arrow chalked across the bosom of the shirt. Clem takes in the situation from every angle and secretly makes startling discoveries. The Coroner, with Clem, never for an instant being separated from him, again tries, from a nearby house, to reach the Sheriff on the telephone, but at this juncture the Sheriff drives up, accompanied by the star reporter of The Argus. Clem's disappointment is banished on learning they have just come from Waverly, where the bank was robbed of forty thousand dollars just twenty hours before and they know nothing yet of the closer tragedy.

Chapter Five
THE TRAIL LEADS TO THE BUNGALOW

THE most exacting reader must admit that the Fates had provided Clem Peyton a lively morning of it, to say the least, and had given him a program full enough of surprises to satisfy even his exacting newspaper craving. Indeed, the young man was obliged to confess ruefully to himself that his brain was becoming slightly dizzy, and that events were moving with a rapidity, becoming almost uncomfortable. But the end was not yet.

Clem was so buried in his plotting thoughts that the girl who had appeared behind him addressed him twice before her voice penetrated his consciousness.

"If you don't care to speak to me, Clem Peyton, you don't have to!"

Clem turned with a start, and guiltily doffed his hat, as he recognized Dell Murray, one of the leaders of the younger social set of Warrentown. "Why, Miss Murray! You must excuse me! I was ——"

"Not expecting to see me here?" laughed the girl as she approached. "And yet I have been here nearly two weeks. Mrs. Bateman is my aunt."

"I was wondering the other day where you had gone," said Clem, beginning to recover himself, and wishing heartily that she was almost anywhere else at that particular moment. And yet at any other time, it must be confessed, he would have welcomed her appearance.

"Indeed?" laughed Miss Murray. "You don't look overly glad to see me! Oh, you needn't deny it! That photograph in your hand must possess an unusual attraction. Who is she?"

"It isn't a she!" said Clem rather ungraciously With a sudden impulse he held the picture of Jerry Reynolds over to her.

It was a careless action, quite without connected thought. Certainly Clem was entirely unprepared for the result. Miss Murray glanced at the photograph with a laughing curiosity, which was succeeded the next moment by an incredulous gasp. She raised her eyes in a stare of inquiry, and then quickly lowered them. Clem's first thought was that she had been startled by the recognition of the convict garb, but he was to see that he was mistaken.

"Where did you get this picture?" she asked.

"It is one that Sheriff Johnson brought from Waverly. Why?"

"Who is the man?" There was something deeper than mere curiosity in the query. Clem caught the under note in her voice with a puzzled frown.

"The photograph is supposed to be a likeness of one Jerry Reynolds, escaped convict, yegg, bank looter, and all round bad man. I am not assuming, though, that your circle of friends includes him!"

MISS MURRAY was again staring at the picture as though fascinated by the grim face it revealed.

"I say!" Clem took a step toward her. "You don't mean to tell me that you recognize the man, by any chance,"

The girl gave a strained laugh. "I—I don't know. It seems too absurd, ridiculous. I must be mistaken, of course!"

"Let me be the judge of that," said Clem quickly.

"Perhaps I had better." The girl hesitated. "You'll promise not to laugh at me?"

"Of course not!"

"Then—if you are acquainted around here, you know where the Morrell bungalow is?"

"Up Paint Creek about half a mile," said Clem, recalling suddenly the mention of the name by Curliss Hope in the inquiry into the tragedy.

Miss Murray nodded. "The Morrells rented their place for the season to a man by the name of Wilkins, a stranger in this section. I think he is an inventor of some kind. At any rate he has fitted up the garage as a workshop, and seldom leaves it, I guess. He lives alone with his niece and a housekeeper. And, and—I know it is utterly ridiculous, and all that. But I may as well finish since I have gone this far. The family receives few visitors, but among the number is a man, whom they meet in Warrentown and drive out here in their car. Once or twice I met him with the girl. Clem Peyton, that man and your escaped convict might almost be the same person!"

Miss Murray saw that she had aroused an intense interest, if not conviction, and that, at least, there was no disposition on Clem's part to make light of her statement.

"ANOTHER curious fact is this," she went on, lowering her voice almost unconsciously. "Early last evening I was almost positive that I saw the Wilkin's guest passing along the pike here on foot, and yet somehow his appearance seemed oddly different. In the first place he was dressed almost like a tramp. In the second place he was wearing a heavy mustache, and I am almost positive that I saw him the day before without one!"

Clem was silent for so long following the girl's unexpected information that she gazed at him uneasily.

"What you have told me may be very important and very serious," he told her at last. He was assuming that she had heard nothing as yet of the grewsome discovery on the creek bank, nor of the news of Sheriff Johnson. He saw that her uneasiness was being increased by his attitude, and he tried to conceal his gravity as he stepped again toward the house.

"I am going to use your telephone, if I may," he said with attempted lightness.

"Oh, certainly! But I was hoping that you would explain to me," rejoined Miss Murray in obvious disappointment.

"I'll do that later, fully," assured Clem, as he disappeared toward the kitchen door. He was intent now on reaching The Bugle office without further delay. In a dim way he realized that he was groping in a tangle of events much more far reaching than any local tragedy. The fact could not be concealed any longer that, regardless of the truth or falsity of his first imaginative deductions, he was on the edge of a mystery more serious than he had dared to dream. The discovery on the creek bank was only a beginning. Fate, or Chance, or whatever one chose to call it, had selected the quiet, peaceful countryside of Warren county as the stage for a drama, which he was only beginning as yet to sense without attempting to understand. He could imagine that within another twelve hours the newspapers and police departments of the large cities of the state would be awaiting news from Warren county with an excitement equal to his own. He grinned exultantly as he reflected that up to date he alone held the tangled threads of events and the first suggestion of anything approaching an explanation of the riddles. It was up to him and The Bugle to make the most of the opportunity.

His voice was crisping with excitement when the telephone exchange at Warrentown connected him with The Bugle office, and he caught Bob McKee's answering tones over the wire. Clem held the line so long that twice the voice of the Exchange girl broke in impatiently. But he was determined to place Bob in possession of his information even although it meant a tie-up of the wire to do so. It was a harder task than he had foreseen. It was much more difficult for McKee to grasp the relative proportion of events four miles away than for an observer on the scene of action, and afterwards Bob admitted frankly that his credulity had been given the severest test of his life.

CLEM could not complain, however, that his excitement failed to awaken an answering response, or that his partner did not show proper enthusiasm for his efforts. Clem could hardly have found a more sympathetic or appreciative listener, and his suggestion as to his next course of action received a prompt endorsement.

"It seems to me that I ought to camp here the rest of the day," he said dubiously, "that is, if you can manage ——"

"Oh, I'll manage!" answered Bob cheerily. "I think you are right. Go to it just as far as you like! By the way, don't you think I had better have the Anderson garage send you out a car?"

"Good idea! I'll watch for it. I am afraid I am giving you the hard share of the work just now, old man, but ——"

"Don't worry about that! I'm almost beginning to hope again for the first time in six months! If you can get at the heart of this Jerry Reynolds mystery, or whatever it is, we'll have the dear public on their knees!"

Clem dug his hands into his pockets as he returned to the yard. Bob's last words had somehow emphasized the real difficulties of the task he had undertaken. He was obliged to admit that the whole problem was seeming more hopeless even than at first after the curt summary of events he had given over the telephone, and that it was more chance than skill which had enabled him to progress as far as he had done—always providing, of course, that he was on the right trail after all.

A GLANCE down the road failed to reveal any signs of the sheriff or the coroner returning. Of course, it was just possible that part of the number, at least, were going back to town in Dr. Mowry's car without coming back to the farmhouse, and that Kelly might be among the number.

Clem found Miss Murray seated on the porch with a book. "Are you ready to make good your promise?" she asked with a half pout.

Clem submitted with what grace he could muster, consoling himself with the reflection that he would be obliged to wait anyway for the promised automobile from town. Although he was a young man with an appreciative eye always open for feminine beauty, and had never been suspected of dodging a pretty girl

in his journalistic career, Miss Murray had the unpleasant sensation in the half hour that followed that she was engaging rather less than a quarter of his attention. It was not until their conversation veered again to the tenants of the Morrell bungalow and their mysterious visitor that Clem really awakened from his preoccupation. He had purposely refrained from giving his companion anything but the more obvious details of the morning's events, with the natural secretiveness of a reporter on a big story keeping back his deductions and opinions. For instance, he dwelt as lightly as possible on the theory that the dead man on the creek bank was Jerry Reynolds, the escaped bank burglar. It was Miss Murray who returned to this phase.

"IF YOU are really right, Clem, what about the part the girl is playing in it all?"

"Girl? What girl?"

"Why, the girl at the bungalow, of course, Stupid!"

Clem flushed. "By the way, did you mention her name?"

"I don't believe I did. It is Faith Morrison. A rather pretty name, I think, and a rather pretty girl."

For a moment Clem sat drawing at his pipe thoughtfully. The idea, of course, was whimsical, and fantastic. There are limits even to the long arm of coincidence, but ——"

"Just what kind of a girl is this Miss Morrison?" he asked carelessly.

Della Murray glanced at him suspiciously, but he was looking down the road.

"Why, I don't know that I can describe her," she said contemplatively. "She is very fond of the outdoors, the woods and the country, you know, a rather unconventional young lady, I should say, from the descriptions I have heard. She is always rambling about in all sorts of places. Seems absolutely fearless. Generally wears a flannel shirtwaist, short skirt, and high boots. As for the rest of the description, she is as tanned as an Indian, seldom wears a hat of any kind, has rather large brown eyes, brown hair ——"

"And lots of it!" said Clem abruptly.

Della Murray caught his arm, and looked up into his face. "I believe you know her, Clem Payton, and have been leading up to her all the time! So *she* is the attraction around here?"

Clem flushed uncomfortably. Della was more nearly correct than she might have thought. He realized suddenly that the girl he had surprised on the creek bank had been lurking in the back of his mind ever since, and that he was finding an unusual fascination in the memory of that vanishing face he had glimpsed in that single stare of bewilderment. Or was it the mystery the girl had suggested?

Curiously enough, there was not the slightest doubt in his mind that he had found her again.

Chapter Six

SOME EVENTS AT BEACH HILL

SHOUTS from the pike intervened to save Clem Peyton from further cross-examination of Della Murray. And she was a young woman who generally obtained what she wanted — from the masculine sex.

The sheriff and his companions were returning, and at his first glance Clem saw that the party had divided. Leaving the girl on the veranda he stepped down to the gate. Sheriff Johnson was accompanied only by Ed Hope and his son. The official's first words announced that the coroner had returned to town to make arrangements with an undertaker for the removal of the body, taking Kelly with him.

It was plain that Clem's guess as to the identity of the dead man was as yet not suspected by the others. He wondered somewhat at the fact until he recalled that the suggestion of a false mustache had probably not appealed to the coroner as forcibly as it had to himself. Dr. Mowry was trained to see only that which was directly before his eyes.

"What do you make of it all, Sheriff?" Clem asked curiously. Mr. Johnson expectorated solemnly.

"Of course, the fellow killed himself. It's my theory that he was crazy"

"Maybe so," conceded Clem with the idea of drawing out all the official information possible. "You don't suppose there is any connection between this affair and the Jerry Reynolds case, do you?"

"What connection could there be?" retorted Mr. Johnson impatiently, climbing into his car. "By the way, you might mention the rewards that are offered by the Waverley banks for Jerry or his pals, when you work up your account in The Bugle. We want to give *that* part of it all the publicity possible. The bank in Waverley has put up two thousand dollars on its own account, and the county commissioners have added a thousand more. I am going to try to have the commissioners of this county do something in the same line, if the gang is rounded up here. With the rewards from the other banks that have been held up by the gang this summer, there is a cool eleven thousand dollars up! How is that? I reckon the folks around here will open their eyes when they hear about it, eh?"

Clem drew out his notebook. "I'd like to get that just right, Sheriff. Do those amounts mean the arrest of the criminals, or the recovery of the loot, or both?"

"Most of the money means for the recovery of the plunder, and the arrest of the burglars. About half of it, though, is for the apprehension of Jerry Reynolds, himself — and that means dead or alive!"

The Sheriff waved a hand condescendingly. "I'll see you later! I guess this is some busy day for you and Kelly!"

Clem watched him depart with a tingling of his pulse. Eleven thousand dollars! Ye gods! A reward of eleven thousand dollars! It was with an effort that he brought himself back to earth. The sum offered for the rounding up of the Reynolds gang might have been twice as much without affecting him, in all probability. He was letting his imagination get the better of his logic again.

CLEM knocked out his pipe and refilled it. From down the road came the chugging of a motor, and a moment later the automobile from the Warrentown garage, dispatched by Bob McKee, drew up at Clem's hail. The reporter climbed in by the driver, and waved a jaunty farewell to Della Murray and the two Hopes.

"I'll see you all again before the day is over," he called.

"I'll be looking for you," answered Della.

"Where to?" asked the chauffeur, surveying his fare curiously It was apparent that the man had already heard rumors of the tragedy.

"Drop me about a quarter of a mile or so this side of the Morrell bungalow." Clem settled himself in the seat, disregarding the chauffeur's inquiring glances, and evident desire to talk, and smoked scowlingly as the car sped down the yellow ribbon of the pike.

What was he expecting to find at the Morrell bungalow? What excuse could he give for a visit? Certainly he could not go bursting in on a peaceable, retiring stranger and an inoffensive young woman, and announce that he was insane enough to suspect them of a possible connection with a notorious bank burglar, and a possible murder? They would undoubtedly have him ejected from the premises with just indignation. When the car slowed to a pause by the road, and the driver jerked out the information that the Morrell place was just around the bend, Clem was still in a complete quandary as to just what he was expecting, or hoping to do.

Ordering the man to wait, with the cheerful news that he might be back in ten minutes, or might not return for an hour, he climbed a rail fence, and disappeared through a fringe of trees beyond.

The trees and underbrush were so thick and close as to make passage extremely difficult at points. Clem found his whole attention for the next few minutes occupied with the task of picking a way through the leafy barrier before him. One could almost fancy that the tangle of shrubbery had been doubled by hand, certainly a more effective screening from the road could not have been provided.

Quite abruptly Clem found himself through the thicket, and saw with surprise that the ground from this point on had been carefully cleared away. The reporter was perhaps twenty yards from a low, square, cement building, directly ahead, from which a circular driveway led to a rather fancifully designed bungalow, set in a clump of century-old beeches. From a distance he could catch the faint murmur of water, and as he moved cautiously to his right he saw that the beeches marked the crest of a rugged cliff, descending in almost a sheer drop to the edge of Paint Creek. From the upper windows of the bungalow, one might have dropped a stone straight into the water fifty feet below. Clem had approached the place from the rear. The pike evidently curved in such a way as to leave the front veranda of the house a clear view of the road.

The reporter stood digesting the details of the scene one by one, and again conscious that he had embarked on something of a fool's errand. The place was apparently deserted. At least, he saw no signs of occupants. Should he boldly approach the house, and introduce himself as a reporter, asking frankly if the family had seen a mysterious stranger in the neighborhood recently? Or should he abandon the whole venture and return to the automobile?

IT WAS at this point that he became gradually aware that the murmur of tumbling water in the distance was curiously broken and irregular. At times it died down almost completely, to be suddenly increased again at spasmodic intervals. His glance, circling to the garage, explained the mystery From a chimney, set in its flat roof, a thin blue curl of smoke was rising. The murmur, which he had associated only with the creek was caused as much by a subdued whir of machinery from the building as by the water below. He could see now that the hidden machinery, whatever its nature or purpose, was being shut off at intervals, and then started again. Della Murray's information that the new tenant of the bungalow had fitted up the garage as a workshop recurred to him. Was it possible to obtain a nearer view of the building without being ordered from the premises as a trespasser?

He decided at once that an approach from the direction in which he now faced the garage was out of the question. With a vague idea of reaching the building from the other side, he began a detour wide enough to bring him to the creek some distance below in the hope of finding a more convenient approach as he ascended the stream.

With the legs of his trousers covered with bristles and his left hand torn by a barbed wire in negotiating an intervening fence, he managed finally to gain the stream perhaps an eighth of a mile below, slipping and stumbling down the face of the cliff, which was much less abrupt, however, than in the immediate vicinity of the bungalow, sinking gradually until, at the point where the dead man had been discovered, it practically vanished.

Hardly pausing to regain his scattered breath, Clem began his return trip. Paint Creek in this neighborhood at least was a deeper and more pretentious stream than he had found it below. Whatever it might be in other sections, it was clear that a fairly large motor boat would find no difficulty in navigating the limpid water here. Remembering the information that the Morrells owned such a craft, Clem found himself searching for a boathouse as he again neared the vicinity of the bungalow above. He was not disappointed in his quest.

AT THE base of the cliff a rustic little box of a building suddenly appeared before him, erected out over the water. Two rowboats and an open motor-boat were moored to a small stone wharf adjoining it. From the wharf, a series of steps, constructed evidently at considerable expense and labor, wound up the face of the cliff. Clem saw at once that the boathouse was deserted, and when he tried its door he found that it was locked. The boats were fastened to the wharf by padlocked chains.

He paused, again uncertain as to how to proceed. He drew back, gazing longingly up the cliff steps. As he did so, something in the bushes caught his roving glance. With a little cry he reached into the tangled foliage.

The object which had drawn his attention, was a rather dilapidated straw hat, with its crown dented as by the imprint of a boot. He turned it over curiously On a soiled band, sewed inside the crown, was the name of a retail clothing store in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Clem straightened with a rather forced laugh. Of course, the hat might be the missing headgear of the dead man on the oak tree! And again it probably bore no connection, whatever, with the tragedy It was just such a hat as the man might have worn. It was certainly on a par with the remainder of his costume. Granting that there *was* a connection between the stranger and the bungalow

(*Continued on page 24*)

FUTURE FILM FEATURES

Miriam Nesbitt As Odanah Durand

Killed Against Orders

By Mary Rider

Edison Feature In Three Parts

CAST

Odanah Durand. MIRIAM NESBITT
Her father . . .Robert Brower
District Attorney Maynard. .Bigelow Cooper
Lawyer Marsh. . . . Robert Kegerreis
Charles Stone, store detective .Allan Crollus
Henry Wayne. Warren Cook
Bully, a crook. . .Charles McGee

As rain falls upon the just and the unjust, so evil deeds leave their stain upon civilization; but, cannot sacrificial love in large measure eradicate sin? Occasionally the psychology of crime has striking revelation through the photoplay, and "Killed Against Orders" furnishes an unusual example.

Bigelow Cooper As Wallace Maynard

Odanah Durand is the accomplished and idolized daughter of a man who is known to the world as a connoisseur of art, but is in reality a thief, a genius in wicked accomplishment, yet a thief just the same. The daughter comes to a realizing sense of this, when her father gives her a package of jewels containing her own bracelet, stolen from her when she was a guest at the house of a friend. She loves and is beloved by District Attorney Maynard whose burning ambition is to win honors prosecuting criminals. A great sense of fear enters Odanah's heart and she begs her father for her sake to give up his perilous and sinful vocation, and he promises in all sincerity. The desperate band of which he directs will not, however, permit his abdication, and she, learning of their determination to rob the home of a millionaire friend, hastens to warn the family.

To Save Her Father, She Tells the Whole Story to Maynard

Embittered, Odanah Repudiates the Man She Loved

The millionaire is killed and her presence on the premises leads the district attorney to suspect the elder Durand. His overpowering ambition leads him to trick Odanah to offer evidence, presumably to save her father, but he is convicted and sentenced to serve life imprisonment.

In her great grief her eyes are opened and, embittered, she scorns the man who used her against her father, abjures her former friends and associates and becomes an enemy of society. She is also a genius in her new position, doubly dangerous by reason of her beauty and cleverness. Eventually she encounters Maynard face to face in a celebrated shoplifting case. He is smitten with remorse for his former course which drove her to her present plight, and, now is quite overcome by his great love for her. Odanah has not forgotten, nor has she forgiven, despite her own love that she has suppressed through wonderful self-possession.

In the end, sacrifice by Maynard, proving his love, brings about reunion and "all's well that ends well."

Falsely Arrested for Shoplifting, Her Plan Progresses

After Hours of Confinement, Is Released on Bail

Every crime has its consequence---somebody suffers. In this case the law was vindicated and love was triumphant.

THIS PRODUCTION WILL BE RELEASED, MARCH 29

GEORGE KLEINE

A MASTERFUL PERSONALITY IN MOTOGRAPHY

BY CHARLES E. NIXON

Individuals and Opportunities

The demands on time in this busy progressive age are so exacting that moving pictures have a unique psychological advantage over other forms of amusement and possess an intimate interest, inspiring a vast following. It is a new art-form — compact, expeditious and inexpensive — and it stands to reason that it must be interesting and meritorious to sustain its phenomenal popularity. Aside from its pervasive power as an entertaining factor in great business centers, it has acquired such a peculiar status as a community-recreation that in outlying districts, far, lone places of earth, it is now esteemed almost as a necessity—for it came first as an innocuous product, was lightly regarded, but as it widened its scope, its importance strengthened, it grew so rapidly that the mystery of it astonished, and started a flood of fiction concerning its progenitors. This fostered a widespread delusion that the so-called "moving picture magnates" made millions merely by accident. It is opined when the true history of the motographic industry is written, it will reveal that its leading lights, if fortunate in being associated with a new departure that has yielded remarkable returns, were in reality very keen, far-sighted business men who sensed the strength of an opportunity and stayed by it strenuously through manifold adversity, to win fortune.

A COSMOPOLITE is George Kleine who occupies a unique position as the first American to import foreign films and consequently is one of the real pioneers in the motion picture industry. Born in America of German parentage, he has always done a large business with France and Italy as well as Germany Yet far from being a negative person he is at present neutral, as he has friends and commercial associates in all artistic centers, and is as well known abroad as he is at home. Well set up, compact in body, big in brain, of genial disposition, dignified but democratic, indentured to hard work, yet luxury-loving, George Kleine is known by his associates even in his jocular moods to keep up a thinking. His career has taught him reliance, and while his face is rounded for smiles, there is a squareness of jaw indicative of determination. Tactful to a degree, he will not hesitate to take up a contest against big odds, and he has triumphed signally when hope has seemed forlorn. Quick in arriving at conclusions, once his mind well set, his pertinacity is proverbial.

George Kleine, the Bismarck of the feature film business, was born and educated in New York City. His father was one of the pioneers of Gotham in the making of lenses, microscopes and electrical machines, so his familiarity with the basics of the business which led to moving pictures was born in him. Both he and his brother served apprenticeship in their father's shop and worked out a number of devices in electrical lines. In 1882 he was graduated with the degree of A. B. in the City College of New York, but his father, severely practical, advised him at once to forget collegiate honors, and get busy. He passed the Civil Service examination and entered the office of the Collector of the Port of New York, where he remained for five years. While he was advanced from year to year, the government service did not present an alluring futurity stake for an ambitious young man, so he concluded to take the advice of Horace Greeley and "go West." He located in Chicago and commenced keeping books for "Manasse, the optician," which proved more or less trying; but he stuck it out for three years and then started in for himself. His practical knowledge and enterprise served him well, for the Kleine Optical Company was incorporated in 1897, and was soon recognized as the biggest importer in Chicago. Projecting apparatus attracted his attention and he purchased the best the foreign field could offer, and became interested in American inventions in this line; one of his early investments being a machine that was made in Waukegan. This was advanced the same year that Jenkins' Phantoscope was invented.

Up to this time the still picture magnified through the stereopticon was a favorite feature with lecturers. This was first confined to churches and schools, and then John L. Stoddard began to exploit the entertainment in a big way, which has since been followed by Burton Holmes, Dwight Elmendorf and others.

His Career Has Taught Him Reliance. While His Face Is Rounded for Smiles, There Is a Squareness of Jaw Indicative of Determination

The peripatetic phase of the business took on a new growth with the picture-projecting machines of Edison, Lubin and the Biograph. In 1898 the Selig Polyscope came into public service.

The Mutascope had been serving to build up a big interest, that attracted the showmen's attention and then the vaudeville theaters began to use films in a rather ignoble way for what is technically known as "chasers." Mr. Kleine was a pioneer in the field with foreign films; but he soon realized that the market was spasmodic, and film dealers as well as newly fledged struggling manufacturers had discouraging experiences owing to the utter lack of system in the business. About April 1897, The Kalem Company launched in business and in July of the same year the Essanay Manufacturing Company came into the local field.

A big red letter event occurred in March, 1897, when the Circuit Court of Appeals decided the patent claims upon moving-picture cameras in such a way, that all known cameras except the Biograph infringed upon the Edison patents, unless used or licensed by the Edison Manufacturing Company. This was indeed a celebrated case, but the event is so comparatively close that time needs perspective to emphasize its true importance as a beacon light in history.

At this time George Kleine held exclusive agencies in the United States for L. Gaumont, London and Paris; Eclipse, of Paris; Charles Urban Trading Company, and Warwick, of London; Carlo Rossi & Co., and Ambrosio, of Turin, Italy; Theophile Pathe, of Paris, and was a big jobber in films of American manufacture, so that the personal relations of the head of the house with all were intimate, and agreeable. With the exception of the film rental departments conducted by the Vitagraph Company, Lubin and Kleine, the business of manufacturers and importers consisted in the sale of films to rental exchanges. The men in control of these were in many cases negligible in moral and financial calibre, so that trade conditions were growing increasingly unsatisfactory.

Early in 1908 the United Film Service Protective Association was formed and was afterwards changed to the Film Service Association. In the latter part of the same year the Motion Picture Patents Company was formed, and then the loose practice of releasing films by manufacturers at irregular intervals was changed to regular release dates weekly with a fixed number of reels and subjects. The relations under the new deal proved so satisfactory that it led to the organization of the General Film Company in April, 1910, when the licensed exchanges were purchased and conducted under the plan that is still in vogue. In all of these moves George Kleine was a very important and magnetic moving factor.

Mr. Kleine recently remarked to the representative of MOVIE PICTORIAL: "My various activities in the film business in 1896 and for some years after that consisted in handling the product of various manufacturers. The world's manufacturers were then limited in number, and the early issues were comparatively few, really rare. It was considered a full program

in the period of 1896 to 1898 to have five, six or seven fifty-foot subjects. In those days it required, or rather it was the practice, to print many more individual unit pictures on one foot of film than now and to cover a certain period of time, it required many individual pictures and more units of film footage than later. At the present this is standardized to about sixteen individual pictures to fill one foot of film, for second of production. In 1896, under the old Edison system, it was the practice to photograph and to project as many as forty and even forty-five pictures to the second.

"The experimental period extended back to about 1887, but 1896 marked the real beginning of the commercialization, in that the projecting machine could be leased, but was not for sale. It was about the summer of 1896 that one could first buy a moving picture machine outright. The only machines which could be purchased were the Vitascope, leased by the Edison Company, and the Cinemetograph.

"As before remarked, the program of 1896 consisted of a limited number of fifty-foot pictures. By actual test I can recall that fifty-foot pictures consumed only thirty to thirty-five seconds in the production. If a program had seven fifty-foot pictures, the entire program consumed only three and a half minutes, or four minutes, there being slight variations. During this time from 1896 until about 1901, there were so few films issued, comparatively few subjects pictured and the footage was so small, that part of the business was much less important than the machine business. The whole commercial enterprise was undergoing a slump it reached a valley in its evolution and became exceedingly quiet. This was undoubtedly due to the lack of progress that had been made in films up to that time. Then came the production of a longer film running up to 250 feet which induced a desirable change in the character of the subjects, and finally recreated the market.

"The moving picture underwent evolution as to subject in this way. The earliest subjects were reproductions of natural scenery and events that were natural as opposed to dramatic things (that were posed in the camera) Up to that time (1901) there was very little posing and consequently there was practically no manufacturing of dramatic subjects. The camera would take a railroad train, a cavalry charge, or some simple thing.

"I RECALL, for instance, a film of Lumiere which was considered in its way a wonderfully posed picture. Yet it was a very simple thing, only fifty feet in length.

"The beginning of the epoch-making film was the 'Trip to the Moon,' about 900 feet in length, made by George Melies in Paris, after which, strides were more rapid, changing to leaps in advance. This novelty was staged for the camera and consisted of scenes of an imaginary trip to the moon — a Fantastic, full of what we call 'trick-pictures,' and it marked the commencement of what may be called the restoration of the business. It aroused unusual public interest, and led immediately to the making of films of similar importance. About 1903 the Edison Company issued a film (which was about 425 feet in length) that was a very striking subject called 'The Life of an American Fireman.' Shortly after, that establishment increased their leap with a film 740 feet in length called 'The Great Train Robbery'

"In 1904 the French firm of Pathe-Freres themselves entered the American market with their own line of films (I earlier had their agency) which in quality were equal to or better than those of any other manufacturer of that day. Then, to pass on, the Vitagraph Company started to manufacture films in 1905. I should include the Selig Polyscope Company and the Lubin Manufacturing Company as having been in business before 1900, say about 1897; but, their products, like the few other manufacturers of that day, consisted largely of fifty-foot films.

"Toward the end of 1905 and the beginning of 1906, what may be called the present phase of the business started, that is to say the *theater-phase*. Before that time the showing of motion pictures was largely confined to traveling lecturers, at whose head were men like Stoddard, who retired in the very early days. He never utilized moving pictures (but his successor, Burton Holmes, however, uses them extensively). There was quite a large number of itinerant showmen who carried moving picture films and lantern slides and strangely enough, a number of ministers of churches who had stereopticons, eventually added moving pictures to their outfit. These men remained customers of the manufacturers up to the beginning of the present phase of the business, the *theater-phase*. This purely amusement phase beginning with the end of 1905 — reached a high momentum towards the end of 1907; and, the present times speak for themselves. During these years I bought from and sold the products of practically all of the manufacturers, at least all of the good manufacturers of films, of standing in this country; and had previously acquired the exclusive American agencies for substantially all of the important European manufacturers whose numbers had increased materially.

"'Quo Vadis' being the first of the really long films films of length, offered a problem as to the most effective way in which it could be handled. The motion picture theaters that were our customers were much afraid of a long film, accordingly I decided to market it, if possible, through the larger theaters (the regular dramatic houses) that did not ordinarily show films. This venture was most successful, and casting about for manufacturers who were competent to make films of equal length and value, I decided to make an arrangement with the Cines Company at Rome to make for me a pretentious film, one of co-merit with 'Quo Vadis.' They could not, however, take on the business, because of their contract with buyers and agents in other countries to whom they would be obligated to deliver this film, so I could not have retained the exclusive world ownership. In casting about in another direction it then occurred to me that 'The Last Days of Pompeii' would make an excellent film, and I selected the Ambrosio Company of Turin, as the most available of foreign factories to manufacture it."

"LOOKING back, it seems miraculous," continued Mr. Kleine, "that the film business did not have more serious setbacks in the earlier stages of its career, through fire, as its film boxes were exposed and often carelessly handled. The length of films varied from 50 to 200 feet and these lengths continued unsatisfactory and arbitrary for a long time. The first large foreign film I can recall was Pathe's 'Life of Christ, 2,100 feet. I believe the first 2,000-foot film made here was Selig's 'Damon and Pythias,' and 'The Coming of Columbus' was his first three-reel master venture. Now the three-reel film is a weekly release with many manufacturers, and the six and nine-reel specials are not infrequent. 'Quo Vadis' was a starter in the eight-reel class and it is still going the rounds profitably. Its successors, 'The Last Days of Pompeii,' 'Antony and Cleopatra,' 'Spartacus,' 'Julius Cesar,' are all important importations of the six-reel class.

"My unique venture in 'Du Barry' was to take an American company abroad and produce the play in the environment of the original action this required six months time and resulted in a large financial outlay It also caused a case at law in which the star, Mrs. Leslie Carter, sought to restrain my production by injunction. This might furnish interesting reading, showing the vagaries of temperament," remarked Mr. Kleine, smiling, as he showed a bulky legal report of 664 pages incorporating the proceedings.

Mr. Kleine having had a vast variety of experience in the motion picture business from the projecting to the producing part, took a side line in erecting the Candler Theater in New York a year ago. It is said to

The Long Building — Studio — Developing and Printing Building—at Top: Grand Canal in Centre: German Cottage Just Below

This Wonderful Demesne Surrounded by Eighteen Foot Walls, Comprises Ten Acres, Superbly Laid Out,

The Proscenium Arch of the Candler Theatre and the Cellu Remarkable Lighting Devices to

California Woods | Villa | Winter Garden Between Trees | Swiss Cottage Adjoining Winter Garden

t, Its Crux Being a Spacious Villa, Four Centuries Old, Surrounded by a Beautiful Grove of Ancient Trees

be the most beautiful and up-to-date structure in that city of many theaters, imposing in its architectural design, rich in decorative details. It is surprising in its generous capacity, and its completely appointed stage (32 x 88 feet) is ample for ordinary play production. A spacious lobby, walled with superbly figured marbles, leads to an elegantly appointed auditorium — unobstructed in lines of sight, acoustically perfect. The picture of the proscenium arch and the ceiling shows not only architectural projections beautifully carved, but, remarkable lighting devices to illuminate the satiny spaces of the ceiling which has a charm of color to complement the rich decorative detail. This chaste and elegant thesplan temple shows another artistic angle of a big business man's æsthetic nature. To those who have been privileged to meet him in his lovely home, amid rare paintings, objets de vertu gleaned from many fields of travel, elegant etchings (he having the finest collection of drypoints in Chicago), and his beloved books, have had an insight into the finer nature of one who has battled in the ranks of the aborigines of motion pictures for the highest standards in business and in the highest ideals in selection of subject and artistic production.

In the fall of 1913 George Kleine and his European business associates, Sig. Stevani and Sig. Gondolfi (starting the Photodrama Products Co., of Turin), purchased an old walled estate about five miles from the city of Turin. This beautiful demesne surrounded by eighteen-foot walls comprised ten acres, superbly laid out, its crux being a spacious villa, four centuries old, surrounded by a beautiful grove of ancient trees. These grounds are delightfully diversified, comprising a lake, many varieties of shrubbery and flowering plants, and lovely vistas showing the distant foothills and mountains shadowy in the far background. Avenues of stately trees planted in cross effect and formal gardens, enhance the natural view, while there are excellent examples of Swiss chalet, characteristic German and French buildings, giving substantiality to truth of architectural effect for pictorial purpose. The administration building is the ancient villa; and the plant follows the modern *unit system* throughout its arrangement.

The first building erected was a studio of medium (ideal) size, 100 x 40 feet with glass sides, in which has been installed an American heating and ventilating plant, assuring warmth in winter and coolness in summer. Close by is the building of developing and printing; while a large depot for properties, together with a well equipped carpenter shop and a spacious scenic department are located across the plaza. No attempt is made to print the films here the scientific experimental station and the development of negatives is the sufficient need in this plant; for the positives can be printed far more expeditiously elsewhere. This unique, artistic reservation, with its lovely groves of ancient trees, its wealth of flowering plants, its luxuriance of shrubbery, its fairy lake, bordered with whispering myrtle, furnish inspiration of environment that is really rare on every hand.

THE architectural planning and equipment of this remarkable plant is thoroughly modern, including rest places and dressing rooms for an army of people (a detail generally disregarded in European picture plants), a large restaurant and many modern conveniences for artists and auxiliaries. These are comprised in a structure known as the Long Building (310 feet in length), which nestles along the shadow of the north wall of the enclosure. It hardly need be remarked that the mechanical and optical equipment of this establishment is second to none — it is a unique and complete settlement, sufficient unto itself, isolated; yet, in easy reach of the thriving city of Turin.

THE war in Europe naturally unsettled affairs in this most modern and complete producing plant and the program laid out by Mr. Kleine and his partners, Mr. Kleine, however, is not the sort of a man to lose any sleep in disappointment over any halt in his enterprise; nor did he allow this to put a quietus on his plans for production. He promptly made an arrangement with Cohan & Harris to film their comedy successes, and leased the old New York plant of the Biograph. He engaged the best acting talent available, and soon launched "Officer 666," which has won significant success. Now "The Commuters" is on the way — so the Kleine progress keeps up despite the disasters of world war.

As a successful power in business, Mr. Kleine lets his yesterdays look backward with a smile, and favoring his clients, reviews effects rather than causes. It is well known, however, that the foreign film in the beginning, played the big part in the motion picture business up to a certain point, and then commenced a recessional as American genius took it up and advanced it so cleverly, impressively, and enthusiastically, it soon outdistanced the foreign short film in the race for popularity, both in originality of idea and clear convincing acting freed from superfluous gesture. The curious idea of humor in the early comedies, the overplay in action, the everlasting chase soon lagged superfluous in the taste of American picture patrons and the home-made product took precedence in the short film releases. In the realm of beautiful colored pictures, in the so-called educationals, the foreign film supremacy is still undeniable.

It is said that the theatrical stage moves in seven-year cycles just as a man changes in his own physical remaking; so, if the "costume play," erected upon the fabric of melodrama, a basic of the stage, is not in current favor, it is bound to come again, and is still a big power to be reckoned with pictorially. Although the Latin temperament takes to the universal language of pantomime, it has been justly censured for ways and rapidity of expression, so that it is not now so highly appreciated here in the silent drama as it was earlier. It is, however, tempering itself to the taste of moderation in methods. Speaking of Latin temperament, it would be difficult to cite a more perfect type of picture-play actress, graced by nature and gifted artistic accomplishment that Lyda Borelli, the distinguished mistress of her art.

Certain territory of southern Europe, where every rood of ground is historic and all conditions of environment lend to picturesqueness from architectural creations showing the invested glories of the centuries to the most carefully cultivated conditions of landscape gardening, is most alluring for the surroundings of picture making. Another advantage economical as well as artistic is the possibility of securing supernumeraries readily amenable to discipline and picturesque types. Armies can be readily mobilized, and are remarkably pliant to the directions of the producer for big effects and climaxes in crowds.

It is submitted this sort of sterling human document effectively dissipates the sensational stories that the moving picture business is merely filled with "lucky accidents," etc. When it is recalled that this now great business was a new departure, entirely without precedent, requiring every detail involved in manufacture and production, as well as the marketing to be worked out laboriously, it is not strange that economies of making and selling were not at first perfected. If this wonderful artistic and commercial enterprise had not been well systemized, it would not have survived the trials it has experienced; and it now has a right to be reckoned as more stable than any other amusement enterprise on earth. It has been sufficient unto itself to make a path that has grown to be a world's thoroughfare in interest; peopled with a vast variety of forces and interests to make its wholesome results cumulative, profitable and variously impressive.

Editor's Note.—This inaugurates a series of sketches of the leading lights of the moving-picture business.

elling with Architectural Projections Beautifully Carved and to Illuminate Rich Satiny Spaces

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN

At Home with His Books and Birds

BY KATHARINE S. BROWN

SCENE—the Essanay studios where I had applied all aflutter for the *home* address of Mr. Bushman. I stood staunchly facing a tall gaunt man with the face of a photoplay villain with attitude adamantine!

"I'm sorry," he said politely. He was very polite and it added to the suave villain effect.

"I can't give it to you."

"Why not," I persisted. "Don't you know it?" He smiled at me pityingly.

"Well then can't you get it if you don't know it?"

He ceased to smile. He looked like some kind of a pale menace, but he was more polite and dignified than ever.

"Really, I'd like to oblige you but—well Mr. Bushman will be glad to see you here, where he transacts all of his business. He insists on having just a little time to himself at home." He bowed as though the interview was closed.

"That's very inhospitable of him, don't you think?"

"Not at all. It's necessary! He is a very busy man, you know."

"Yes, I know!" I could think of no better or further argument, so I said just by way of continuing and *not* closing the interview, "But I *want* to see Mr. Bushman in his home."

The tall, pale, gaunt guardian straightened up. He glared at me out of his villain eyes. He took a photoplay villain attitude and he said—"It can't be done!!!"

I stared at him in a perfectly leisurely way inventory-ing his villain points.

"Well, what else?" he said.

"Well, this—I was comparing you with my 'boss' who sent me after this 'interview in his home' and trying to decide *which* of you is *meaner* looking, and which I am most afraid of!"

"Well?"

"You win," I said. "My 'boss' is perfectly sweet looking beside you. Goodbye!" I departed.

Ah ha! It served him right. The villain always loses in the end when there's a lovely leading man—Francis Bushman—hero-person, involved! What after all is a deep-dyed villain, intent only upon following out orders, compared to fate and favored circumstances? * * *

Came cantering adown the street on a coal black charger, Francis Bushman, debonair, leading man with Essanay. He was something to look upon, indeed, and I was so busy looking that I almost forgot to take fate by the horns or the forelock or whatever it is you are supposed to grab on such occasions. I came to and had just time to dash around a corner and see him turn into a driveway. I skirted—literally—around the house to the stables where Mr. Bushman had just given over his mount to the groom. He was lingering there feeding the horse lumps of sugar.

I introduced myself, and told him of my difficulties and my almost foiled attempt to gain an interview. He laughed. "Well, it is my rule, but then you know the old saw about breaking 'ules." It evidently had been a pleasant ride for he was most cordial and in the greatest boyish good humor.

"So you saw me on 'Nubian King' and followed me? Isn't that just the exactly right name for a 'coal black charger'?"

I admitted that I had.

"Well, you shall assuredly have the 'interview at home' but won't you come with me first to see my dogs? I visit them every day."

WOULD I? I went with this big handsome man to the kennels, where two great dogs leaped on him and pawed him from head to foot.

"Down, you rascals!" he shouted, and he tumbled them over with a swift thrust, but they were up and at him in a twinkling. "They expect this," he said, "and are disappointed when they don't get their play—ten minutes at least."

Here was Francis Bushman at home indeed, playing with his dogs like a boy, wrestling with them until he was well out of breath. Then he took me into the house and left me in his study while he changed his riding togs for dinner clothes.

Here *was* an opportunity! His own study—in his home. You don't win after all, Mr. Villain—not by quite a lot! Here were rows and rows of books. The walls were literally and actually lined with them. Here were shelves of books of the day, and here books of yesterday, and there philosophy, and there history, and there ah!—row upon row of Greek and Latin classics—and over here prose and poetical works from almost every nation under the sun. Face down on his desk—what do you think?—Arlstotle's "Poetics!" In a special set-off sheif were the works of Sophocles and other Greek dramatists. Greek drama!—plles of it. Would you believe it—a photoplay actor with the time—and the *inclination* to read Greek tragedies.

Just here re-enter Mr. Bushman, the perfect original of the perfect hero of countless "Essanay" pictures. A more faultless figure can't be imagined and some way he "fit in" exactly as well here in the study of his modern home as he always does as the central figure of a charming romance.

I waved Arlstotle's Poetics at him!

"How ever do you get time to do it—and what do you do it for?"

"I get time because I take it," he smiled, "and I do it because it helps me in my work."

"But what have Greek classics to do with the modern photoplay?" I inquired.

"Ah, now you have me right where I feel strongest," he said. "There is nothing more closely allied than the Greek drama and the photoplay, as we are now developing it."

I was all attention, of course, for I positively had not expected to learn so all-of-a-sudden, so much about the near-kin of Sophocles and Essanay!

"You see, the same principles that governed the Greek drama govern the photoplay."

"I suppose so," I assented, "but I had never thought of it. Tell me about it, please." He was all alert, eager, alive with his subject—and so fascinating as he spoke, the familiar facial expression of his handsome features and his rich voice held me. It is a flowing, even voice that is delightful to listen to. *I listened!*

"Remember, I am not speaking of the old-time 'movies' nor even of 'motion pictures'—but of the 'photoplay', the skillful dramatization of a story with a well rounded plot—the very highest type of pictures now screened."

I was getting it, every word of it, but at the same time I couldn't help thinking of some dozen or so movie fans I know who would have felt unbounded delight at the privilege of hearing Francis Bushman dissert thus. Again, I felt a fiendish grin rise up and gloat at that gaunt villain. He went on. "The photo-drama is, in fact, much nearer the Greek ideal than the modern drama of the stage is,"

"I can think of half a dozen people who would delight in debating that point with you," I ventured.

He smiled. "I have no doubt of it. I can too. But they'd lose the debate, really The facts are all with my side of the argument and I am ready to prove every one of them," continued the alert Mr. Bushman—"the basis of the Greek drama is action—life—real life—but not realism as it is sordidly conveyed to the mind of an audience in the drama of the legitimate theater today. Now, a true, real life is the primal element in the photoplay of value—the genuine photo-drama!"

"But enough of this," he interrupted himself. "I know you didn't come for a dissertation on Greek drama."

I begged him to go on. "I came for anything you'll talk about—do please tell me more about your views on this—let's finish it!"

He was pleased "—but I could talk about this indefinitely, you know. And I can't expect everyone to be willing to ride my hobby with me. You will stop me won't you, if I bore you?"

Fancy that! "Oh yes, yes," I ejaculated—"if!"

"Well, the Greeks held that the delineation of character was secondary to the plot structure, that the character not only helps create the incident of the story *but* that the story literally and perfectly naturally, developed character. The character evolved, in other words, directly as a result of the plot and from the action. Now on the stage they do it just the other way."

"Usually," I assented.

"In the photoplay there is no possible way of delineation of character except through action." He made a quick consummating resume-ing sort of gesture that was very effective! Then he laughed—a wholesome, infectious laugh. "You see?"

"I DO, indeed." I'd caught some of his fine spirit of enjoyment of the comparison of the thing.

"In the photo-drama, we aim at the same vital principle the Greeks did exactly. We aim to touch humanity as they did—as all true art does. We aim to touch a fundamental point of human interest. In unraveling a problem, in mystery, in surprise, we touch something to which the public as a whole, and as individuals—every man of them—can respond. It can be interested and held because it witnesses its own experience or a *possible* experience." He rose quickly! "You didn't stop me and here I am, talking on and on!"

"But," I protested, "I was only to stop you in case I was bored."

"Come," he said, "we are going to put up Arlstotle and Sophocles and Euripides and all the rest of them

for the present and I am going to give you a real surprise."

He was so pleased over his surprise for me, how could *I* help being?

"No one knows very much about this except my closest friends and they all pamper me in it." He was leading me out from his study. We went through a sunny hallway and then at a turn into a great room. The room was a sudden breath of summer, all soft with the air of sunlight, breezing over palms and ferns. They were everywhere and I felt rather than saw or heard at first, that birds were there. It was delightful! Then I saw cage after cage and the birds in them all began to flutter and chirp their welcome and whir their little wings against their cages as Francis Bushman entered. I could only gasp an "ah!" of real pleasure.

"Isn't it wonderful?" he said. He was keenly enjoying it all. "Aren't they beauties?"

"How many, many of them?" I asked.

"Over a hundred," he said, "and I keep getting them myself and my friends, as I said, you know, realize that birds are my greatest hobby—my pleasantest weakness!"—he laughed—"and so they help it along." The birds began to chirp and some to sing. He turned to me: "How do you like my aviary —my surprise?"

"I can think of no words to express my pleasure except Madam Butterfly's 'this is the mos' bes' nizest *of* all!' "

"*Isn't* it," he admitted.

He opened some of the cages and with a glad little song, the feathered friends came and fluttered about him. They cooed over him, buried themselves in the cool green of the thick walls of ferns and palms and had the happiest time of their adorable little lives for a few minutes. One darted at me! I stepped back on something soft in the subdued light under a palm. At first I thought it was a thick rug. To my horror—it writhed out from under me without a sound. I fairly leaped forward.

"What is it? A snake?" I cried. Mr. Bushman laughed and switched on the light.

"No!—it *isn't* a snake!—that's only 'Dragoman.' "

"Oh," I gasped, much relieved I assure you, for never since Eve took a dislike to serpents has anyone ever lived who loathed snakes as does this humble scribe.

"I don't like snakes *either*," admitted Mr. Bushman, for my condolence. I felt that I should apologize to "Dragoman" and turned to do it.

Dragoman was a great Dane and he stood stretching himself and staring at me reproachfully. Mr. Bushman patted him affectionately. "It's all right, old fellow." Reassured Dragoman returned to the shade of the sheltering palm' as he took another

(*Continued on page 26*)

Reality and Shadow

IRENE FENWICK

ARTIST IN DUALITY

THE latest and most notable enlistment for the motographic stage is Irene Fenwick, who has been engaged by George Kleine as leading lady for his eastern stock company. The good judgment in the selection has been amply justified, as the young lady heretofore associated with theatrical enterprises, has since the announcement of her new alliance been fairly besieged with offers of engagements. Many actresses have been tried and found wanting when it came to the searching eye of the camera; so that picture producers are film-shy even of famous stage favorites, until they have been photographed in action.

Irene Fenwick is svelte, blue-eyed, and possesses mobility of feature, that equips her charmingly for magnetic visualization in the photoplay. Like the radiant Lillian Russell, whose beauty defies the wrinkling touch of time; that winsome woman of filmdom, Miriam Nesbitt; and that charming ingenue in a class by herself, Blanche Sweet, Irene Fenwick is a product of Chicago. She is proud of the city of her nativity, joys in the fact that she made her first stage appearance there, and in that place won praise in her first acting part. She was a slip of a girl in her 'teens when she joined the chorus of "Peggy from Paris" at the Studebaker Theater, and it seemed a "long, long way" from the cloistered Notre Dame where she was educated, to the bright lights and the merry music of the stage. But, it did not turn her pretty head, and only whetted her serious ambitions, that have since been abundantly realized.

In discussing the inspiration of her success she gave her mother the credit. "You see, Mother was only sixteen when I was born, and family cares engrossed her so early in life—so she really had no chance to follow the great dramatic aptitude she possessed—but gave it to me as a heritage." Miss Fenwick coyly admitted she had a chance to retire and become a millionairess in Philadelphia; but, she put the temptation behind her, preferring instead, the engrossing cares of her chosen profession.

She explained her surprise over the curious change of her name. "You see it was this way. Fortunately, I was very successful in a tour of the provincial cities of England under the direction of Charles Frohman, and he always sort of jumped when my name (Frizelle) was pronounced—it seemed to jar his nerves. When I returned to New York I was greeted at the Frohman offices as 'Miss Fenwick.' I asked Mr. Frohman the reason for it and he said it was more befitting the dignity of dramatic portrayal that he then had in mind for me. He told me that Ann Fenwick was a famous English court beauty, and that suggested the name to him." This recalls the fact that Daniel Frohman changed Maud Light's name to Margaret Illington as better sounding for stage service, at the same time glorifying her native town and state Bloomington, Ill.

Photo by White, New York

The veracious press agent has exploited Miss Fenwick for establishing "A School for Correct Walking," which brought joy to the paraders along "The Great White Way"; but, did not win financially. She is also credited with being particularly ingenious in dress devices. As for herself, she takes her art as most serious and engrossing, and forgivingly smiles at the pranks of the merry-makers who dilate upon mere sensational talking points.

Irene Fenwick is now the star of the "Song of Songs," a play which has been breaking records at the Eltinge Theater, New York. An unusual angle of her engagement in moving picture work is that it will in no way interfere with her stage career. While playing in New York, she will be simultaneously engaged in film work in the Kleine Studios on East Fourteenth Street. Miss Fenwick, therefore, will continue to be seen in the Thespian life in Manhattan, and at the same time in alluring shadow in film everywhere. In this way she enjoys double distinction, and her stage reputation will be preserved and her pictorial position enhanced.

Following her success in small parts in "Peggy from Paris," "The Office Boy," and "Just One of the Boys," she was given the first really serious opportunity of her career in the role of Sylvia Futvoye, the leading feminine part in "The Brass Bottle." In this she scored an instant hit and the following season appeared in "The Speckled Band," a detective story by A. Conan Doyle. "The Importance of Being Earnest," that clever skit by Oscar Wilde, was her next success and in this she toured the principal cities of England. Then she was Kiki in the French farce, "The Zebra." It is an interesting fact that Hamilton Revelle, who plays De Cossé Brissac in the Kleine photoplay "Du Barry," appeared with her in this production. Miss Fenwick's next triumph was the role of Beatrice Lind in "The Million," that delightful farce which proved to be one of the most popular comedies. Following came what many are inclined to regard as the best work of her career, that of the Princess Irma in "Hawthorne of the U. S. A.," with Douglass Fairbanks. In this she eclipsed her previous portrayals, as the pensive, dutiful, loving princess was eminently to her liking, well adapted to her histrionic capabilities. "Hawthorne of the U. S. A." proved an exceptionally popular play and Miss Fenwick has been seen in it in the principal cities of the United States.

It is, however, her present work in "The Song of Songs" that has raised Miss Fenwick over night into the realms of stardom. In this she has proven herself an actress of remarkable powers and significant promise. The role of Lilly Kardos calls for a rare quality of acting ability, and the expression of emotion even more subtle than vested in the confines of word and gesture.

And so with the wealth of her stage successes, into film comes this magnetic little actress, into this wider and bigger field of pleasure giving work. And all of us who sit within the shadow while the screen reflects the portrayal of the silent drama, can look forward to delight in Miss Fenwick's presentations. Already, she is busily engaged at the Kleine Studios in New York where Director Fitzmaurice is filming that cleverest of Forbe's comedies, "The Commuters." Already elaborate plans are *en-train* to feature this artist in duality in some of the well known stage successes in which she has played —a herald of pleasures to come for patrons of moving picture theaters.

UNIVERSAL CITY

People pour through the main gates every morning in busses automobiles, and on motorcycles. Every night, the same crowds pass through the gates again

THE golden land and glorious climate of California has been the home of many wonders since those days of discovery when the flood of hardy Argonauts poured westward. Many cities have risen miraculously about her mines and then vanished with the lost leads of gold, and their inhabitants passed on leaving them a mere memory that the touch of time soon obliterated.

The charm of sunshine and picturesque environment have made southern California the very land of heart's desire for the habitat of the moving picture. Millions of dollars have been invested in motographic plants, and vast numbers of people concerned with the making of moving pictures, have located in that section to serve the demands of the new art form. The latest and most elaborate social, artistic and practical settlement in this direction is a wonder creation known as Universal City.

From March the first up to the fifteenth there will be an increase in travel from east to west, and indeed, from north to south, for on that self-same fifteenth, Universal City will have its grand opening, and I who know how the heads of the big "U" can conduct such a ceremonial, promise that it will be an event, or rather a series of events which will never be effaced from the memory of all who are fortunate enough to be able to attend. Dear, Oh dear! it does not seem possible that the wonder city could have been attained in so short a period.

I came to Los Angeles on March the first, 1912, and applied at the Nestor studios for a job and got it—I needed it too. At that time the Nestor concern boasted of two companies and occupied a plot of ground which is opposite the Hollywood studios and which is now rented by "Features Ideal." An old roadhouse had been converted into offices, and there was a small stage. As the months went on the roadhouse was added to and the stage enlarged and small laboratories were built and operated. Then came the amalgamation of several Independent companies into the organization known as the Universal, and buildings sprang up in all directions, and one company after another was added, so that everyone was treading on everyone else's toes. A full block was taken opposite the old studios with an amazing number of buildings, laboratories, dressing rooms, and with the largest stage in the universe. In addition there was a ranch of hundreds of acres with more stages and buildings.

The need of concentration became absolute and the germ of the Wonder City came into being, and the active brain of Isadore Bernstein, the western general manager, found work to his liking, and if ever a man had cause to be proud of his labors, surely he is that man for he has labored night and day on plans and specifications and his multifarious duties at the studios have been added to, for he has overseen everything and his finger has been in every pie.

Result—Universal City, the biggest thing of its kind in the world, a sort of seventh wonder, a colossal industry of a most interesting nature. Universal City is located some four miles from Hollywood on the high road to Lankershim, to Santa Barbara and San Francisco. After passing Cahuenga Pass there is a sharp turn 'n the road, and the main buildings of Universal City appear glistening in their white dresses in the sun.

TO GIVE an idea of the real importance of this concern I would point out that Universal City is the only incorporated town which is devoted exclusively to the Motion Picture Industry; it has its own local government, its own police and fire-departments, a huge menagerie, sixteen miles of sewage, its own water supply from artesian wells furnishing 300,000 gallons per diem, an electric lighting system, a lake and many other novel and picturesque features.

One of the most interesting things about this place is that all of the buildings are so constructed that they can be changed almost at will for the requirements of picture making; they can be altered over night and then resume their normal aspect when the scenes are taken. It is the same with the bridges and with everything else which has been erected aside from the stages. Here, today, you can walk across a Japanese arch bridge, a Roman paved or Cantilever bridge, a Venetian bridge, an American trestle, and an English causeway, or Japanese pontoon bridge; tomorrow, all this could be turned around, changed as by the magic of legerdemain, and in the same place, you would find your footsteps leading you through and over other constructed wonders.

IT HAS been called a "Chameleon City," for it can be changed in three days to conform to any style of architecture of any nation in the world. The twenty producers can remodel Universal City almost in the twinkling of an eye to resemble any of the metropolitan cities of America or Europe. Its interior can be transformed into an Athens, a Rome, a Paris, a London, or a New York, with their various characteristics, in so short a time it will take your breath away and cause you to gasp in astonishment.

Visitors on the fifteenth will see sixteen companies at work in different parts of the seven hundred and fifty acres which comprise the domain of the company. They will see a great war picture and an exciting wild animal photoplay being made among other things, and will rub shoulders with some of the greatest actors and actresses in the business.

Every convenience will be provided for the visitor. How often has the patron of a moving picture theater, seated in the shadow watching the portrayal on the screen and marvelling at the action as it passed in quiet, unhurried, yet ever-steady, forward procession, felt the impulse of a desire to see the moving picture in its making—to satisfy an oft repeated conjecture as to the marveious manner in which it must be created? And again surprise and innovation meet us in the heralding of this Wonder City. "Welcome"

Vastly interesting are the dressing rooms of the artists, convenience and comfort has been studied, every room has hot and cold water and other conveniences

All the cages are roomy and comfortable

Even the cats and dogs

WONDER TOWN OF THE WEST

By RICHARD WILLIS

The drying drums hum and the electric light plant throbs, and shadowy figures pass in and out—for Universal City is never at rest

is the announcement blazed forth, and welcome it surely will be. In addition to seeing the technical departments, where the visitor will be shown just how films are made, he or she can visit the Japanese gardens, the open air gymnasium, the wonderful lake in the very center of the city, or can rest by the side of the reservoir, which is located on one of the hilltops.

A menagerie is always entertaining, and especially so when it contains as many wild animals as does the one at Universal City. Here are elephants, lions, tigers, camels, and indeed, almost every wild animal down to the domestic dog for even the cats and dogs have not been overlooked. The cages are roomy and comfortable, and the section devoted to the animals is parked.

VASTLY interesting to outside visitors will be the dressing rooms of the artists, convenience and comfort has been studied and every room has its hot and cold water and other conveniences. The artists are proud of their quarters.

The dressing rooms, as you approach them look like small terraces with innumerable doors and windows. Each actor has furnished his room according to his or her taste—some of them are very elaborate, and some very business-like. One girl has her room furnished in oriental style, and a character man has rigged up blocks in order that he can make all his own wigs and beards, another looks like a delicate and dainty bedroom, another has a desk, and so forth—each according to his or her particular liking and idea of workaday comfort.

It is pleasing to know that the inhabitants of this unique city will eventually have their own club rooms, a swimming tank, billiard rooms and an athletic track, and that the management is considerate enough to think of these things and so bring themselves into close touch with their employees which means added interest and that friendly feeling which means so much to everyone who is human.

UNIVERSAL City has a truly beautiful situation and environment; it is in the foothills which guard the approach to mountains of considerable altitude, and is cut up into valleys and flats, but the mountains are ever dominant. The fertile valley of San Fernando stretches for many miles, on either hand backed by mountains which even at this writing are snow capped. The Los Angeles river flows through the estate and adds many lovely spots invaluable to the makers of artistic pictures.

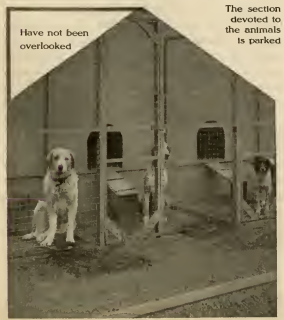
I am not going into detail concerning the vastness of the stages, or the completeness of the many buildings, the wonder of the indoor lighting system, by which the company can work all night if it wants to, or, the many other remarkable things which will be written and rewritten, but confine myself to the "human" side of this adjective breaking city. To me one of the most remarkable things about the concern is that it gives employment to some two thousand people in one way or another, these figures being claimed by the management. A large number of these appear in the pictures and have to be clothed and fed and a visit at noon to the large and well appointed restaurant gives a very intimate view of the costumes of almost every nation under the sun, for the actors have no time to remove their "make-up" for lunch. Apart from the two thousand mentioned and who are on regular salary there are always hundreds of extra men and women who fill in for crowds and gatherings.

Standing in the cupola where Isadore Bernstein almost resides one can see a regiment of soldiers attacking the Indians; an Italian street; a Chinese settlement; a road in London Town; the gates of Lucknow, together with interior scenes being taken on the two stages, each one of which is capable of housing a scene for every company employed. One can see people costumed to match the scenes, and it is all a marvelous mass of ever varying color, of movement and of life. These people pour through the main gates every morning in busses, in automobiles and on motorcycles, and a line of jitney busses does a thriving business, and every evening, after the days work is done and another daily installment of this great company's vast chapter of varied pictorial story is closed, the same crowds pass through the gates again, but the movement never stills, for the drying drums hum and the electric light plant throbs and shadowy figures pass in and out—for Universal City is never at rest.

THINK of it, every day there are two thousand people regularly employed, and as often augmented by two thousand extra people, the majority of these eat and drink at the restaurant and not a few live on the grounds. Many of them earn large salaries and have comfortable homes and a large percentage are married and are bringing up families. They are a fine lot of people too for the most part, well educated and generous to a fault, often highly strung and always lovable.

I look back three years almost to a day, when I came to Los Angeles—a memory of the motion picture making plant equipment as it then existed, registers itself in my mind's eye. And in contrasting that vision with the immensity of this one moving picture plant of today, the scope of it, the power of it, the vast treasures stored within its walls, I feel the thrill and marvel that must permeate one's senses when such a forcible, impressionable reminder of the wonderful growth of this world's great industry is brought home to one's understanding.

Where there ran a lane road through fields and foothills a very short time ago there is now a city, a fascinating play-acting city on a gigantic scale where men and women work hard at their play to give pleasure to millions in all parts of the globe, and the silence is broken by an endless hum, the hum of a great industry.



Have not been overlooked

The section devoted to the animals is parked

The vastness of the stages, the completeness of the buildings, the wonder of the indoor lighting, crowd fast upon one's sensibilities

On The Editorial Screen

MOVIE PICTORIAL

VOLUME I MARCH, 1915 NUMBER 25

LLOYD KENYON JONES, EDITOR

Published monthly.

Subscription price (in advance) in United States and possessions, $1.00 a year; in Canada, $1.25 a year; in foreign countries, $1.50 a year. Single copies, ten cents.

Copyright, 1914, by the Photoplaywrights' Association of America. Entered as second-class matter April 30, 1914, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under the act of March, 3, 1879.

Published by the Photoplaywrights' Association of America, Hartford Building, Chicago.

All communications should be addressed to MOVIE PICTORIAL, Hartford Building, Chicago.

Movie Pictorial a Home Magazine

The volume of correspondence in appreciation of the new issue of MOVIE PICTORIAL, i. e., the February issue, if far more complimentary than critical, is indeed highly gratifying in that it endorses the policy of a moving picture periodical, not too technical yet authoritative, not sensational yet essaying the truly vital and interesting in the happy, artistic and wholesome side of the new art, motography, that is to-day, giving more joy and more entertainment to the world than any other form of amusement. The endeavor is to make MOVIE PICTORIAL a worthy home journal of filmdom that will inform and illuminate, so that you and yours may have a closer acquaintanceship with its players, its producers, its workers, its playwrights, and its vastly diversified products that are making such a pronounced impression upon the age as a medium of entertainment and education. The clearer knowledge derived from a more intimate association with those who merely show in shadow and also of those who, while not shown in the result, yet, contribute importantly to the character of it, lends to an enhancement of the pleasure in viewing the substance of this fine art — makes it brighter, better and more permanent which admittedly is good for all concerned.

The term "Home Magazine" is used advisedly, for moving pictures constitute the only form of art in the world that submits to censorship cheerfully, challenging its most rigid investigation and setting forth an entertainment in which fiction has an even higher aim than fact. The rulings of the Censor Board are sometimes surprising, occasionally exasperating and certainly expensive for the progenitors of this form of amusement, but they submit uncomplainingly to this diction of the public policy for keeping this manner of entertainment sweet and wholesome, worthy of the advanced civilization that America represents. This safeguarding amusement for the impressionable young, and conforming to the tenets of good taste in ministering to those older grown, indicates a home alliance and influence unusual in the realm of amusements, that is eminently worthy of sincere respect and signal support — and MOVIE PICTORIAL is cultivating just such amenities.

Foresight, Faith and Fame!

In the birth of any new idea must necessarily be invention and how much we, of the world to-day, owe to the dogged patience and tenacity of purpose of inventive minds! Old indeed, and oft repeated, is the story of the eternal application of human beings to the evolution of an intuitive inspiration along the line of improvement of humanity's condition in one form or another. But fiction often sets forth, and true it is, fact has borne out fiction in many instances, that the inventor has evolved the idea for another, the producer, to reap the harvest the idea made possible! In many minds, no doubt, this application has applied to the Moving Picture Industry. But undoubtedly, a study of the necessary steps in evolving the moving picture "idea" to that point when it has reached a commercial success and permitted "the harvest," will convince the investigator that forbearance, hard thought, courage, along with the expenditure of large sums of money in experimentation in devious ways, have been the forerunners of the commercial success of those who to-day represent solidity and highest efficiency in the conducting of this industry. It may be remarked that some of these successes have been made in a shorter time than generally is the case in mercantile life, but it may also be remarked that the evolution of the industry has called for the same speed in their work necessary for accomplishment. With a desire to enlighten those readers interested in this phase of Moving Pictures, MOVIE PICTORIAL has inaugurated the series of sketches of the "big men" — the successful men — in the Moving Picture Industry the first one being published in this issue — George Kleine.

A Word for the Players

Glamor,— yes, that word enfolds film portrayal in many minds. It cannot be wondered at either. The wonderful "'ease" with which the silent drama passes "unhurried and with ever-steady procession" on the screen, the very absence of constructive noise to remind one of mental and physical effort, the ever-changing surroundings of the players and the general inclination to the beautiful or sumptuous, all capped with the ever-present sunshine atmosphere, are associated characteristics that are bound to create this wholesome glamor. And with that mental condition, the tendency is to overlook or not understand that the basic element, the very foundation of moving picture creation, is work hard, hard work. It is one of the unmistakable wonders of the carefully prepared and artistically carried out photoplay, in its finished state, that the elemental effort in its production is not markedly evidenced to the viewer — in fact the "restfulness" of the enjoyment of viewing it, is preeminent. To resume the point in mind — we all place a greater valuation on anything that we know has required close application of mental and physical effort, as against that the creation of which has not required it. In our appreciation of moving pictures we should not fail to recognize the mental and physical effort that has been expended, which we are prone to overlook by reason of the aforesaid glamor.

Thomas Santschi, one of the bright and particular stars of the Selig Polyscope Company, has covered this quite pithily.

"There are three things that are necessary to good picture acting," said Mr. Santschi: "The first is two eyes; the second is ten fingers; the third is that wonderful, indescribable, God-given something known as personality."

"Nine fingers are not enough; the motion picture actor or actress should possess the required ten. If one finger is missing, that fact will loom largely on the animated screen and will be immediately noticed by the audience. The two hands and the ten fingers are prime requisites in the art of the silent drama. Every movement of the hands, or the fingers, yes, even the movement of one finger, can be made meaningful.

"And what power in two good eyes! Why, eyes are everything in motion picture acting. All expression is subservient to them, and properly controlled, they can bring fame and fortune to the man or woman fortunate in possessing a good-sized, well-working pair.

"Do you think personality counts for so much in the pictures?"

"Do I? Yes. It counts more in motion pictures than on the stage. You've got to get through the canvas screen and personality is the only thing that will carry you through. Good acting behind the camera is much the same as good acting for the stage, but deprived of voice, you are depending entirely upon pantomime. That means you must accentuate gestures and expressions and concentrate your mind on every move.

"And then the art of the silent drama requires thought; you must think more than if you were on the stage. You must project your thought without the aid of voice and projecting thought means thought concentration. Take any simple action, going to open a door, for instance, you must think first. Then the eyes will show it and that is the soul's mirror.

"The action should never be hurried. The first thing the director tells you is to act more slowly than you do on the stage. I have employed the same methods in motion pictures that I always have, because I never have been hurried. It is possible to get the effect of apparent quickness by deliberation. Avoid needless movements, even the repose of the ten fingers is a wonderful thing. You must act more slowly in the silent drama because the camera absorbs action.

"In silent drama get the thought first and then you will have mental background for what you accomplish."

The Music Story

THE MUSICAL INTERPRETATION OF MOVING PICTURES

EDITOR'S NOTE: This Department was commenced in the October issue. It is for our readers, an arena for discussion of musical topics as they apply to the exhibition of moving pictures. Every reader having ideas along this line, criticisms or suggestions, will confer a favor on the editor of this department by writing to her. Different views, different discussions and new practical ideas will appear in each issue of MOVIE PICTORIAL.

By Mabel Bishop Wilson

A SHORT time ago I viewed the Twenty-third, or final Episode of "The Million Dollar Mystery." This was in one of the highest class and most popular moving picture theaters in Chicago. During the wedding scene, the musician played "The Anvil Chorus" from "Il Trovatore." Whether he had confused it in his mind with one of the wedding marches, or thought that it was a clever idea, I could not say. I did hear numerous remarks regarding it. It was an unpardonable incongruity. It was like rasping a file over one's nerves. I heard this same musician a great many times and ordinarily his music harmonizes with the pictures.

Following are some of the letters that have been received from music lovers:

It's a Long, Long Way to Harmony

Kenton, Ohio.

Dear Music Editor:

We recently had the beautiful colored Pathe film entitled "More Than Queen." In a particularly pathetic scene (the Queen's little son thrown from his horse), the physician is bending over his bedside. The mother in her mute agony awaits his verdict. Just at this tense moment, imagine my horror and surprise when our pianist rapidly began playing "Tipperary," and several equally rattle-brained youths in the audience started singing it. The scene was utterly ruined.

I had instructed her to play softly either "The Rosary," or "Hearts and Flowers," and to play "Tipperary" when the soldiers were marching. She reversed my orders and ruined the picture.

(MRS.) L. B. STEVENSON.

This reminds me of some friends of mine who were sending out some circulars. They had worked on these circulars very patiently and had decided to have certain lines in red and the balance in black. Plates were made by the printers, but when it came to the press work, the order was reversed. Naturally, the effect of the printing was lost.

It is very easy to see from the description given in the above letter that the "Tipperary" episode made ridiculous what should have been very solemn. Mrs. Stevenson's musical instructions were excellent and entirely in keeping with the theme.

Overdoing Popular Stuff

Birmingham, Ala.

Dear Music Editor:

"Tess of the Storm Country" has been shown in one of the theaters of this city.

The music, which consisted of a piano and an attached keyboard of an organ, played ordinary popular songs, which was not in harmony with the picture shown.

I think that "Anitra's Dance," by Grieg—also "In the Hall of the Gnome King," by the same author, would furnish the right effect to the picture. There's charm, wilderness and beauty mixed, as Mary Pickford, the actress of same, represents.

I have noticed "Idilo," by Lack, being played for "It's No Laughing Matter," and is not suitable at all for it. They could have played instead, "Humoresque," by Dvorak, or Paderewski's "Minuet," or even ragtime, if there was lack of better stuff.

HENRY GRUSIN.

The above letter written by Mr. Grusin, bears out a point that I have referred to in the past on this page. A great many players think that the titles of popular songs must necessarily fit in with the theme of the picture story. While some of the titles of popular airs are in harmony with their music, this is usually the exception rather than the rule.

In one of the recent song hits, the words "soldier" and "shoulder" are supposed to rhyme. The word "supreme" and "fifteen" are also used as a counterfeit on a rhyme. Even the broadest poetic license would not countenance such errors, and yet they are mild compared with the dissimilarity between many of the titles and the music.

There is nothing more disconcerting than to view a picture having a mystic air when the music is all light ragtime stuff. Children may not notice the difference, but certainly the majority of grown-ups must feel the difference. Music of that nature keeps the audience from getting the best out of a picture. It is not necessary to define the rasping clash between picture and music. One feels it. Many a good photoplay is harmed or ruined by the musical accompaniment. Many a poor photoplay is made acceptible by the accompaniment.

"Tangoing" a Tragedy

St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Music Editor:

"Mother Love," a heart drama in two chapters of three parts each. The deacon denies his young wife her babe, and drives her out. Angered that she finds friends, he sends her a box of white crepe, with the message: "Same as are used when babies die." The anguish of the mother is terrible. The orchestra played tango and ragtime music throughout the picture. It was very disconcerting. A pathetic song or tragic air would have been appropriate.

K. H.

The letter by K. H. again brings out this point that we cannot present too frequently. There is a place for ragtime. There is a place for all music. Like everything else, it should remain in its place.

Winner of the $5 Prize

Movie Pictorial will award the $5 prize to Mrs. L. B. Stevenson. The reason her offering has been selected as the best is because she had previously chosen the music that was to be played to the Pathe film. She has given a very definite and clearly defined example of what can happen if orders are not carried out. No matter what excuse the musician herself might give, that excuse could make no difference in this award.

I admit that a musician, like anybody else, may commit mistakes. The person who is playing continuously may become confused. This is particularly true when one is ill. At the same time the people in the audience are not paying their money to tolerate these inexcusable mistakes of those who are to entertain them.

The Musician Is an Actor

I think that it is a well recognized principle that a theater musician should be considered as an auxiliary actor. All those who contribute to the success of a play are auxiliaries to it. On the legitimate stage, any mistake of the property man may ruin the performance.

I recall an instance when a stock company was playing Shakesperean drama in Milwaukee. The particular play was "Romeo and Juliet." Juliet was on her balcony which was back of a high, iron fence. The ornate gate of this fence was locked. Romeo came along with his guitar. The stage setting was very pretty. There was always a thrill of expectancy while Romeo climbed over the fence and into the yard. On this particular night, when he was on top of the fence, he fell, and he and the fence were precipitated to the stage. From that moment on the audience refused to accept the play as serious, and the curtain was finally rung down. The property man, the stage manager, the electrician and the musician were all auxiliaries.

The photoplay theater is a theater just the same as the legitimate playhouse even though its dramas are shown upon the screen instead of behind the footlights. The musician, therefore, is really more important than he or she would be in a regular theater.

The musician owes a certain debt to the audience. Trying to palm anything off as appropriate music will not do. There must be a definite idea. Every picture theater musician should strive for perfection. There is certainly enough choice in the matter of musical selections to meet with the individual desires of any player. To go to the extreme is inexcusable. To make glaring errors is unpardonable.

Questions and Answers

The average picture play will contain anywhere from thirty to possibly eighty scenes to each reel. The projecting machine throws sixteen separate pictures, on the average, on the screen each second, or nine hundred and sixty separate pictures a minute. A single reel contains about one thousand feet, and the time required to project it is about sixteen or seventeen minutes. Thirty scenes would mean a change of scene about every thirty seconds on the average. Flashes, cut-backs and titles will last only a few seconds each. Too frequent change of music, therefore, would not be advisable.

Following are some of the questions and answers that will prove of interest not only to the persons who sent the questions in, but also to all others interested in picture play music.

Q. Where a title or sub-title is thrown upon the screen, and the same scene continues after as shown before, should there be any change in the music?

A. Although titles and sub-titles are usually supposed to precede scenes, there are very frequently inserts, such as a letter or a telegram. The same strain should be continued although the tone may be subdued throughout the showing of the insert. While it is an interruption in one sense of the word, we must remember that in long scenes the insert is simply making the meaning of the scene more clear. It is possible that an insert or a title breaking into a scene might change the entire theme of the scheme, and necessarily the accompaniment. By way of illustration let us say that the scene shows a party of young folks laughing and playing and singing and dancing. A telegram is received by one of the party, and when that telegram is flashed upon the screen in the form of an insert, it states that the young man's mother has just died. The scene is then continued, but instead of gaiety there is a hush. Some are horrified and others are expressing their sympathy. But if the scene continued the same as before, and if the insert did not interrupt the harmony of the scene, then the music would remain as it had been.

Q. I should like to know how you would play a scene in which there is a fade-in—perhaps just showing the face of a young man's sweetheart. That scene fades out and then another fades in, showing him with the girl on some outing. That scene fades out and next fades in showing a grave, which is presumably her grave. Would there be change of music with each fade-in and fade-out?

A. The young man presumably is in a meditative mood. He is dreaming of the past. These various scenes are in harmony with his attitude and mental state. The same strain might be subdued with a more pathetic fade-in, but would not necessarily have to change.

Q. I should like to know how you would play a picture that begins with the scene in a club-room where one of the clubmen starts to tell a story to his friends. There is a fade-out of the club scene and a fade-in of the scenes concerned with the story. This inside story may be entirely different from what has preceded it, and it may pass long through a great many scenes.

A. The fade-in, in which the telling of the story is shown by having it acted out, is just the same as any change of scene. The music would necessarily have to follow the theme of that new story. Finally, when the scene returned to the club, the music would be altered to fit in with the atmosphere of the club as well as with the mental effect the story had produced upon the listeners.

Film Favorites' Fashions

HAVING in mind the wonderful variety of handsome gowns and other feminine apparel worn by Miss Snow in "The Million Dollar Mystery," and which so impressed us all with her versatility in the art of costuming, I asked this leading lady of The Thanhouser Film Corporation to give the readers of the Film Favorite's Fashion Department, an opportunity to learn more about some of the costumes worn by her in later plays. I left it to Miss Snow to make the selection, letting her intuition choose the costumes that moving picture patrons of the fair sex would like to know about. And one cannot but be impressed with Miss Snow's aptitude for originating new, striking, modish apparel. The dress and automobile outfit shown here were worn by her in the fifteenth and sixteenth episodes of "Zudora, or The Twenty Million Dollar Mystery."

Photos by Robinson, New Rochelle, N. Y.

This very latest automobile outfit is of heavy tailored goods of a very light blue color. Dark colors are not fashionable. The coat is a box pattern, very warm and comfortable. The trousers are practically riding breeches without the leather inside the knees. Either boots or shoes and puttees are correct. A flannel shirt should be worn and most any sporty hat. The one above is blue beaver, mannish style.

Marguerite Snow

This evening gown is of nile green heavy silk, full skirt and bodice. Colonial style. The skirt is wired to make it stand out. The skirt and bodice are trimmed with dainty pink roses. The flaps on the bodice are edged with a tiny gold braid. White stockings, black slippers and a very narrow velvet ribbon around neck and wrists add greatly to this gown. The hair should be dressed to correspond with the period.

To Miss Ruth Stonehouse's exceeding generosity and willingness to go to trouble on our account, we are indebted for pictures and descriptions of two very charming spring hats.

Not only does Miss Stonehouse wear these hats in her parts for the screen, but uses them as part of her apparel outside the studio.

In the February issue of MOVIE PICTORIAL, it was stated that we believe many of our readers see at times on the screen, articles of apparel, dresses, suits, street dresses, etc., that appeal to their taste and feel the desire to possess garments just like them, but the constant movement on the screen, the lack of reproduction of color effects, prevent the obtaining of a complete and strong enough mental picture to allow the reproduction of them.

At any time you see on the screen, a dress or suit or garment worn by a film favorite and you wish a description of it, such as we have given in connection with the illustrations on this page, just write to me (the fashion editor) giving the name of the film, the name of the film company by whom it was produced, the scene in that film in which it appeared, as well as the name of the actress who wore it and I will endeavor to secure a description of it for you. Of course, I may not always succeed, but I will do my best to get it for you. Do not ask for this concerning old films—films that have been produced some time back—for you can imagine it would be practically impossible for me to get descriptions of garments that have probably been discarded long ago.

Remember, this department is open to our readers—we want you to feel it is your information bureau—want you to write at any time on this subject. All you need to do is to write your letter, giving the information required, as stated above, *enclose with it a stamped return envelope*, and mail it to

THE FASHION EDITOR.

This hat is made of Black Belgian split straw. Crown and upper part of brim covered with white corded silk. Two white straw pompoms stick out at angles on the crown. Large mesh veil with heavy dots all around edge.

This hat for afternoon or evening wear, is made of White Bengaline Silk with velvet pansies appliqued around the crown. A lovers' knot of purple stovepipe ribbon is fetchingly perked upon the crown.

Ruth A. Stonehouse

REALISM IN THE MOVIES

A Department for the Discussion of Films Possessing or Lacking Realism

Conducted by Our Readers

Your help toward the accomplishment aimed at by this department is requested. Send in your criticisms. Do not hesitate. Join your efforts with ours. A prize of $8.00 is given each month to the contributor of the criticism deemed most worthy, be it either for or against the film. Address all communications to the Realism editor.

IN TAKING notice of the errors that are displayed in films, one should bear in mind the enormous activity of moving picture production. This is not stated with any view to discourage you in any way in hunting for flaws and recording your criticisms—but instead, it is to impress you with sincerity of purpose in this work, and to urge you to keep it up. And do not think that only criticisms of faults are wanted—your expression of satisfaction of a film that has so impressed you, is wanted at any time. That "popular" criticism is desired is plainly indicated in the following extract from a letter by a correspondent in Houston, Texas. It should encourage us all in our endeavors to aid the earnest workers in the moving picture industry.

"Recently, I received a letter from one of the most prominent actor-directors, asking me to watch his productions with as much care as possible and write a candid criticism without sparing the rod, as he was very anxious to please the public above all, and for this purpose needed their opinion. Of course, the regular reviewers are prone to advertise instead of finding fault where fault there is, consequently the independent voice of the public can offer many useful suggestions for the guidance of such actors and directors with such aims as the one mentioned above.

"If all Moving Picture magazines would follow your highly commendable overture to the paying public to express their opinion, independent of paid film producers' patronage, these latter could learn a good many things from those patrons that sustain their industry by their steady attendance to the theaters."

A Winsome Trio

(Winner of the $5.00 prize)

Glen Falls, N. Y.

A short time ago I saw an Association picture in which an Englishman had received an Egyptian mummy. The Englishman opened the mummy case and found in it a note written by the mummy just before his death to be buried with him. The mummy must have been able to look ahead as the note was written in *English*.

In a recent Biograph release "Dwellers in Glass Houses," the leading lady had beautiful golden hair, but she ought to remember to wear the same amount in all the scenes especially when she wears it in two braids down her back. It made the audience laugh to see the braids a foot longer in succeeding scenes.

In the "Exploits of Elaine," in the first episode, the crook wants to rob the safe and as he don't know the combination he uses Thermit as the quickest way to get in the safe. Thermit is a combination of chemicals which when placed together generate 5,000 degrees of heat and simply melt their way through a steel plate. The Thermit makes a hole of about four inches in diameter in the top of the safe. The crook then reaches down in the hole and pulls out papers from the safe. The papers are perfectly white. The Thermit generating 5,000 degrees of heat inside the safe has not even charred the papers. The Thermit goes through the top of the safe quickly which is actually possible, but what becomes of it? If it goes through the top, why not through the bottom of the safe and through the floor setting fire to the house?

Very truly,

H. W.

Points Well Taken

New York, N. Y.

Two glaring inconsistencies which showed gross carelessness as to detail on the part of the producer and which marred completely an otherwise acceptable photoplay, were noticed by the writer recently at the Savoy Theater, New York City, during the running of the two part Domino (New York Motion Picture Corporation), entitled "The Man at the Key." The story deals with railroad life and features as its "big" scene a train-wreck, which is averted by the quick wit of a former engineer who is employed by the company. The time is supposed to be night; the action calls for the flagging of the fast mail. Yet in broad daylight, where the shadows caused by the bright sun can be plainly seen, the man runs out and, waving a lantern, stops the train. The simple neglect of not tinting these scenes for night effect absolutely spoiled the situation and brought a laugh from the discerning ones in the audience.

Further on in the same production of "The Man at the Key," a telegraph office is shown with a group of operators standing about the table. A lapse of eight years occur and these same operators, man for man, are shown, and not one of them has changed his shirt. To say the least, it was not hygienic, much less realistic.

This lack of attention to the small things in this one film absolutely destroyed the realism of the action and reduced the photoplay to that level of the indifferently produced "movie."

Renee Foster.

"Dugouts" and Disarmament

Greenville, Ohio.

In "The Desperado," Jim was supposed to sleep in a "dugout" after he had escaped from the sheriff. The "dugout" was only a shanty set out in a field. The director never lived in a "cyclone country" or he would have known what a "dugout" was. After Jim escaped from the "dugout," he crossed the ford where one of the sheriff's men was "laying" for him, and, instead of being cautious, he turned to court danger; then when he had kicked the man over he was in such a hurry to make his "escape" that he did not stop long enough to even disarm the man before he rode away.

Madge Kellogg.

A Magic Mirror

Nashville, Tenn.

Last week I saw the Lasky (I think it was) production of "The Goose Girl," and in the scene where the prince is disguising himself, he looks at himself in a mirror, sending well away from it, and yet the audience sees both his image in the mirror and the prince himself. If he actually sees himself, as he pretends to be doing, his reflection would not be seen by the audience at all.

I have noticed this same thing in other films also.

Paul C. Klyce.

Someone Missed

New Orleans, La.

The other night I saw a moving picture called "The Life of Buffalo Bill," produced by Swain Brothers, of New York. A scene in the first reel showed the camp of the Cheyenne Indians. The Indians were doing their war dance. There was one tent on which was written in large letters the word "Chief." If these were uncivilized Indians how did they know how to write the English language?

In the second reel there was a scene showing Buffalo Bill riding towards camp; the wind happened to blow his hat off, but he did not stop to pick it up, but when the picture showed him arriving in camp he had his hat on. There was a general laugh from the audience at this.

R. T. McBride.

Legerdemain?

Hamburg, Ia.

At a recent number of "The Perils of Pauline," there is shown a diver in an old boiler near the ocean where the tide will rise and drown her. She is rescued by cutting a hole in the top of the boiler with an Oxy-Acetylene welding or cutting machine. Now we are not criticizing the handling of the machine, or the rescue. We are familiar with handling this apparatus, and the film showed a man removing the iron plate cut out and holding it in his hands and later a man sitting down on the edge of the boiler from where the section had been removed. These men did not have gloves on, nor was there anything to indicate that they wore asbestos clothes, and anyone familiar at all with the handling of this machine knows that not only the plate but the iron surrounding it would be hot (HOT) and too hot to handle or sit on for some time. There was nothing to indicate but that they handled and sat on this plate as if they were in a hurry to get her out to keep her from drowning. This one feature spoiled the realism of this film for a realist.

C. E. Mincer.

Was He Unconscious?

Galveston, Texas.

In one of the series of the "Hazards of Helen" entitled, "The Open Drawbridge," the leading man, in the role of the railroad detective, is handcuffed to one of the iron steps of the ladder which goes up the sides of freight cars. The train starts, causing him to hang by his hands with his feet dragging on the ground.

Helen sees him just as the train starts, and runs and jumps on the ladder to which he is handcuffed. She then takes the key to the handcuffs from his pocket, unlocks them, thus causing him to drop to the ground. By this time the train has had ample time to be moving at least 15 to 20 miles an hour, and Helen jumps from it and lands on her feet with her back to the engine and in the direction in which the train is moving. Now anyone knows if you jump off of any moving object like a train or street car and not face the way it is moving, you can't help but fall unless it is going about two miles an hour. But as soon as Helen touched the ground she ran to the man on the ground just as though she had never been on the train at all, but had been standing still on the ground. And if you say the train had not gone fast enough to affect her balance when she jumped, then why was the leading man not walking or running with the train but being dragged? A train going fast enough to drag a man who was in a position to run with it if it were going slow, was going fast enough to throw one, jumping off of it backwards.

Geo. P. Thrall.

A Sleep Producer?

Kansas City, Mo.

Were you ever knocked flat on your back by a blow square from the shoulder? If so, do you remember what you did with your arms when you came in contact with the ground? A young man in a Biograph picture entitled, "The Call of Honor," upon being struck down, calmly placed his hands under the back of his head before losing consciousness. It looked as though he were composing himself for a nap.

In a Lubin picture entitled, "When Honor Wakes," a man cuts all labels from his clothing before committing suicide. But he must have been agitated to a very great degree for he cut one from his coat and put it in one of the pockets of his trousers.

N. W.

Some Sound Suggestions

Galveston, Texas.

In a picture called "England's Menace," two children discover the secret code of their country's enemy. The code is made up of numbers, yet the same numbers are used for the same letter, for example: One letter "e" would be 25, then again the same letter would be 49.

In an episode of "The Master Key," Wilkerson, the villian, with a band of Mexicans, attacks the mine. The troops come upon the scene and take them prisoners, yet Wilkerson is allowed to keep his old office free from guards. And also, how is it that the Mexicans can steal the key from Ruth if they are captives and how can Wilkerson leave the mine at this time of trouble?

In another picture, a man entered a lumber yard office and when he came out a sign was painted on the corner of the building. It was not there when he entered so this shows that the picture was taken two different times.

There are many many pictures where the actors lose their hats in one scene and have them on in the next, and also actors coming out of the water with dry clothes on. I know that these things are done for the comfort of the players, but it takes some of the realism from the picture.

G. Peck.

Too Many Guests!

Danville, Ill.

I saw a Vitagraph play called "A Madcap Adventure." A big dance was in full swing in a swell room. One half of the floor was hardwood, the other half was cement.

O. E. Long.

Another Robinson Crusoe?

St. Louis, Mo.

In "Haunted Hearts," a two reel, Gold Seal drama, Jack and Nathan, love a girl; while yachting, she rescues a flower from a high barren island. The rivals swim to the island; Jack gets the flower, but falls and is disabled. Nathan steals the flower, leaves Jack helpless; reports his death and marries the girl. A year later, finding his wife unconscious, holding Jack's picture, he goes in search of Jack. Nearing the island, with no sign of water or vegetation, except a small plot around the one flower, Jack has recovered and saves Nathan's life after his boat capsized.

Isn't it wonderful how Jack survived on this barren island?

K. H.

Very Good Criticisms

Chattanooga, Tenn.

In "Tillie's Punctured Romance," I noticed two things that were a decided shock to "Realism." Tillie's uncle went mountain climbing and, judging by the costumes, scenery, etc., he was among the Alps. After his accident, the guide rushed into the Inn and the keeper telephoned to the uncle's home, using a foreign phone (with mouthpiece and receiver in one). He was answered at the other end of the line by the butler who used an American telephone. Since when has it been possible to talk across the Atlantic over a telephone? Are they using foreign telephones in America?

In the same picture Charlie Chaplin rushes in the kitchen of the restaurant while Tillie (Marie Dressler) is scrubbing the floor. He proposes, but she splashed with water and are very untidy looking, she accepts and they rush out to get a ministor. Then outside he appears in a clean and spotless suit and Tillie's white apron looked perfectly clean and fresh.

I am keeping up with "The Runaway June," and at every instalment I hear numerous remarks about the decided mistake made in the manner in which June has disposed of the watch. In the first picture June sells her watch to a *woman* who, in turn, sells it to Mr. Blye. Every time June's mind goes back, as it does in every section, she sees herself selling it to the conductor and Mr. Blye buying it from him. June sold the watch to a woman. Mr. Blye purchased it from the same woman without June's knowledge. How was June to know that her watch was in Mr. Blye's possession?

Just one more.—In the "Honeymooners," in one scene, when dinner was announced, the bride left the drawing-room in a coat-suit and immediately entered the dining-room in a beruffled and flowered dress or kimono.

(Mrs.) J. A. Hogan.

It's Hard to Say

Wellesley, Mass.

In the fourteenth episode of the "Trey O' Hearts," the motorcycle on which Alan Law and Rose are escaping, plunges over a steep hill. Alan and Rose receive apparently only a few bruises and some dirt. Along comes the pursuing automobile with Marroptat and the secretary, and plunges over the very same hill. Both (in the story) are killed! How can you account for it?

T. H. B.

You Are Right

New Orleans, La.

Saw a Universal Film with Mary Fuller. Her beau sends her some flowers with a note of proposal, but her girl chum gets the note. Then comes the boy who had brought same to house, and reads note intended for Mary. She then burns the envelope, addressed to Mary, but not the box, in which the flowers are sent, and shows note to Mary. Why not burn box as well as envelope, as it was addressed exactly the same way. The whole picture is bad in my belief, as the "Guardian Angel" (Mary Fuller) appears to Chas. Ogle too many times, and if a man would see so many visions, he might as well not work, and just let the angel tell him where to get the "Iron men."

Laurence Deckbar.

UNDER THE SKYLIGHT

(*Continued from page 7*)

mistake this time. The 'business' is covertly . . . whisper instructions to your man, then both exit, well pleased with the plan in mind. In a short cut-in scene, immediately following this one, you are both discovered riding along a dusty road, discussing plans for the abduction of the girl who has spurned your love. Fernandez points toward an old castle in the distance indicating that is where she lives. Reining your horses to a nearby tree stump you dismount, resolved to lie in wait until darkness settles over the hillsides.

"Now then Maria Rosa dominates the story. Maria like Levardo is poor but honest, the daughter of humble peasants. She has dared to gaze upon and give her love in keeping to the charming Fernandez. He alone has ever been the idol of her dreams. A babe nestles against her bosom, a child without a father, tribute to your perfidy. Like a broken toy you have done with and cast aside, scorning her protestations of undying love. Slowly she trudges down the road, heartbroken. She catches the murmer of low voices wafted on the still air. One in particular stabs her heart afresh. Closer and closer she presses, with no other thought than that of loneliness for the man who has deserted her. Dazed and horror-stricken she learns that you love another, the lady in the castle on the hilltop, whom Maria knows only by sight and respects in reverential awe as she does the Virgin Mary.

"In that one sacred pause of time, reason departs and madness seizes her. She will be revenged. Revenge has ever been a despised woman's surest weapon, as if by a miracle all the bitter longing, the agony and shame of years vanish. She is happy. She could shout for very joy. Her brain is alive with the crafty cunning of her race. Ah! what if the child should awake and its innocent prattle betray her nearness? Without stoping she moves swiftly across fields, and through valleys, succored by a new strength born of revenge, twilight envelops the world with a haze of deep shadows. On and on she forges until at last she reaches the journey's end. Rushing past the old lodge keeper, she chances upon the lovers enjoying a tete-a-tete. Breathlessly she apprises them of Fernandez's schemes. She wishes to depart but they detain her in recognition of the services she has rendered them.

"It is hastily decided that Maria and Levardo shall hide nearby, while the girl strolls unconcernedly about the grounds apparently unafraid. Their vigil is of short duration. Presently the interlopers appear. As you are about to carry off the girl, Maria and Levardo enter, frustrating your well laid plans. Levardo overpowers you, allowing your man to make his escape. Frantically you plead with Maria for mercy in your behalf, thinking that you can easily win her over; but, she has found you out and only laughs as they lead you away to yon Bastille, to end your days in exile, with the laughter of Maria ringing in your ears — fiendish and mocking that will remain with you to the end of time. To the end, Fernandez, remember that, to the end."

"Now you understand? Is that clear, Fernandez,—to the end?"

Wilson leaned over excited, thrilled, exultant, almost exhausted. He had been unconsciously acting Maria Rosa's part, scene for scene, line for line. Prompted by ulterior motives which even the densest might fathom, Fernandez remained motionless staring at him like a guard on duty, his lip slightly curled with a supercilious smile. Wilson glanced about almost wistfully, and then asked very gently as though speaking more to himself: "How was that for an old stager, not so bad was it? I'd show you artist fellows something if I was young again. Well, let's get busy. Positions, please."

Over and over they rehearsed the lines and situations until it met with his approval. Fernandez with added vigor, and smarting under the subtle rebuke, never played better. Conscious that he had committed an irretrievable sin in crossing Wilson, he was eager to make good. He felt instinctively that whatever slight degree of comraderie had existed between them in the past was now forever hopelessly dead. Wilson's words kept recurring to him unpleasantly like an ill omen: "Remember that, Fernandez, to the end;" and now for the first time he caught their full meaning. He, too, in an unguarded moment had been trapped, goaded on to self-destruction and the future looked very bleak. In the three short years spent within the confines of the walls of the studio, he had witnessed the rise and fall of many brilliant men and women, lorded over by this relentless tyrant, whose word was law, denying one the right to think or act naturally unless he approved. Momentarily lost in idle reverie, his gaze strayed over to Wilson rummaging through pages of manuscript, and for some unknown reason he pitied the man, as a person detached and alone.

"Places, please," shouted Wilson.— "Get ready. Start your action. GO! We're going to take it this time without any more delay."

The steady even click of the camera grinding with automaticlike precision, the pent up feeling of intensity surcharging the atmosphere, the short sharp orders given by Wilson watching the scene like a hawk, keyed the onlookers to a sense of foreboding evil.

"Thank you," he said finally when the scene was photographed. At this moment Miss Eisendrath and the Marchioness advanced toward Wilson craving a moment's interview which was pleasantly accorded.

"May we go to luncheon?" they asked in chorus, "we're in the next scene and it's now 12:15."

"What's that you say, 12:15? I thought it was around ten bells.— Sure! Run along! Don't eat too much, Mrs. Ryan, you're getting pretty stout even now for grand dame parts!" He laughed at his own sally, and excused the other members, admonishing them to be back sharply at one o'clock. The mob straggled in twos and threes.

Fernandez alone lagged behind. Wilson calculated that he would, and eagerly awaited developments.

By way of introduction, Fernandez strolled over to the operator's station, smiling nonchalantly at Wilson.

"Well, Governor, we've been a merry little party this morning, haven't we? I know I acted rotten, and I'm sorry, awfully sorry, for what occurred. I want to apologize."

Wilson looked up hesitatingly, for a second taken completely off guard: "That's all right, my boy, forget it! We both got rattled and lost our heads. I'm just as sorry as you are that it happened, because I had counted on you. I thought you were different from the rest."

Fernandez looked at him puzzled. Could it be that this rough old warrior with the shaggy eyebrows, and bull-dog disposition really cared or was it merely another expression of his chameleonlike composition? Perhaps, after all, the old ties of friendship, frail as they had been, might be welded together again and made to weather another storm. Neither spoke of this hope, because they were men and void of sentiment. With a little friendly nod of his head, Fernandez passed quietly from the building without turning to look back. Wilson stared after him; gulped hard; wiped his nose-glasses and with a dry smile turned to Eddie: "He's a great chap, that Fernandez, just like a big boy! Wish I had a son like him! What a matinee idol he'd make! Say, Eddie, what if we have a little smoke? The coast is clear."

Suiting the action to the word, Eddie bit the end from an oily black cigar, the Governor handed him while he applied a match to Wilson's.

"Well, Son," the older man continued settling himself back comfortably on the long bench against the wall, "I'm glad we at least got one scene through this morning. Hope we don't draw a yellow-sheet on it after it's run in the vault." "Ish Ka Bibble," he added, now thoroughly good humored, watching curling rings of thick blue smoke waft upward.

Eddie squinted toward the door. "Say, Governor, it just struck me that we are sitting here like a couple of 'simps' smoking up the joint just like we owned it. If the Boss happened in — 'Good Night, Nurse," he'd tie a can to us. What do you say if we hike over to the corner and get a bite to eat? I'm thirsty as a hound."

The Secret of Paint Creek

(*Continued from page 11*)

above—Clem's reflections were abruptly broken, and the next moment he had thrown himself into the bushes and was worming his way deeper into the leafy underbrush.

From the cliff above had come suddenly the sound of voices, and as he glanced upward he saw that two figures were descending the steps. While he, himself, was hidden for the time from their observation, the faces of both the new comers were thrown into sharp relief against the rugged background.

One was the brown-haired girl whom he had glimpsed in the thicket opposite the oak tree of the tragedy, the girl whom Della Murray had suggested to him as Faith Morrison. Her companion was Rogers, the motorcycle salesman.

With almost a shock, Clem realized that he had almost completely forgotten the man's existence. Now as he forced his way deeper into his tangled concealment, he recalled his imaginative suspicions when he had discovered the fellow at the cross roads on their way out from Warrentown.

The voices of the girl and the man were coming nearer now every moment. Clem ceased his efforts to find a more secure hiding place, fearing that the rustle of the bushes would betray him. Trusting to luck, he forced apart the shrubbery, and peered out.

With a light spring, Rogers finished his descent, and reached out a hand to steady his companion. With his first close view of the girl's face, Clem saw that she was, indeed, of a striking type of beauty. There was something oddly appealing in the deep, brown eyes under their long lashes. Her movements suggested that she was far more at home in the difficult descent than the man accompanying her. It was apparent, too, that she and Rogers were far from strangers. Clem fancied that he caught a gleam of admiration in the man's eyes as they rested on her face.

For a moment the two were silent. And then, Rogers, drawing out a cigar, began a nervous pacing of the bank. It was he who spoke first.

"I don't like it," he began abruptly. "There must be a way without——"

"But there isn't!" the girl interrupted impatiently. "If I am willing to take the risk, why should you object?"

"Why?" Rogers took a step toward her, and then turned away. Clem could see that his face was working as though it was with difficulty that he mastered his emotions. He applied a fresh match to his cigar and shrugged.

"Of course, it shall be as you say. Tonight then at ten!"

He broke off shortly, and whirled around. In finding a concealment Clem had been given no choice. It was not until he threw himself flat that he saw that he had chosen a ledge of loose gravel. The disastrous consequences were borne in upon him abruptly when one of his feet, seeking a rest from its cramped position, sent a miniature torrent of dirt and pebbles down into the water.

He saw the startled glance which Rogers sent in his direction, followed by a deeper gleam as the man evidently discovered him. On the same instant Clem sprang boldly to his feet.

There was a gasp from the girl below, and then Clem found himself effectually occupied with his own predicament. The stream of gravel he had dislodged was only a begin-

ning. He felt the ledge crumbling beneath his feet, and flung out his arms instinctively to recover his balance.

He was conscious of a sharp, shooting pain in his right ankle and knew that he was falling. He had a dim impression of Rogers springing forward as though to catch him. And then the bank seemed to rise up to meet him, and darkness descended.

Chapter Seven

THE SECRET OF THE CLIFF

CLEM raised his hand wearily to his head, and his eyes opened painfully. There was a throbbing pain through his temples, so severe that for the moment it absorbed all his thoughts. In a vague way he realized that he was lying on something gratefully soft, but his brain was too confused to grapple with the problem of his whereabouts or his condition. His eyes closed again, and he dropped into an uneasy doze.

When consciousness returned a second time, his mind was much clearer. He raised himself to a sitting posture, and began a mental survey of his surroundings.

He found himself partially undressed and reclining on the outside of a snowy counterpane in a severely simple brass bed. The bed was part of the furnishings of a pleasantly, even richly fitted chamber. The room was quite unfamiliar to him.

He managed to rise to his feet, and after a momentary dizziness, staggered across to a window. With his first view of the locality outside he saw that he was in an upper back room of Beech Hill Bungalow. To the creek below him, on which the two windows of the room faced, was a sheer drop of fifty feet. The rear wall of the house was built nearly on the edge of the cliff.

It was growing dusk outside. Through the haze of the twilight the water below was beginning to gleam like silver. The window was open and the evening breeze fanned his throbbing head gratefully. He stepped back into the room, feeling strong enough now to piece together the sequence of events from the time of his accident at the boat house. He discovered that his right temple was decorated with a cross of court plaster. Evidently his head had been severely gashed, and a rude attempt had been made by someone to dress the wound and minister to his comfort. In some way he had been carried up the cliff. By whom? For what purpose?

If there had been merely a friendly interest in his welfare why had Bob McKee not been notified? Surely there was enough evidence of his identity in his pockets, even if Rogers had failed to recognize him, which was hardly likely. All of his suspicions of the strange occupants of the bungalow returned with a surge. What was the meaning of the cryptic fragment of conversation he had overheard at the boat house? What was Rogers' connection with the girl called Faith Morrison, if that was, indeed, her name?

(To be Continued)

WEST COAST STUDIO JOTTINGS

NEWS OF THE PHOTOPLAYERS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

By Bess Powers

I was up at Santa Barbara this week, paying the American Film Company a visit. My, but they are doing great things there, and are adding lots of people. The Kriterion Companies are also in Santa Barbara, and the result is that the artists have formed a Film Club, and were about to hire a bungalow wherein to meet. Harry Pollard was just starting on "The Divinity of Motherhood," which promises to be a very beautiful picture, it can hardly be otherwise with Harry at the helm and Margarita Fischer taking the lead. The scenario is by Olga Printzau Clark.

I called on Henry Otto, who is living with his mother and with Irving Cummings as a guest, in a jolly little bungalow near the studios. Henry had just completed a bully two reeler and was studying the scenario for his next production. Otto is much liked up there.

Harold Lockwood was comfortably installed at the Arlington and everyone speaks well of him. He is taking the leads in Thomas Rickett's Company, which means he is being starred in the four-reel features. Harold is better looking than ever, and his association with the Famous Players has given him added poise.

It is some time since I last saw Vivian Rich, and she is as sweet as in the old days when I often acted with her at the Nestor Studios. Miss Rich did well for herself when she joined the American forces.

Frank Cooley is directing the Beauty brand of pictures and Joe Harris, Fred Gamble and Webster Campbell with Virginia Kirtley are still with him.

I understand that new companies are to be added shortly and that a brand new serial company is now being gotten together for the thirty installment story, for which the Chicago Tribune offered the ten thousand dollar prize.

On March the fifteenth, the Universal people hold their big doings, and I will be there and tell you all about 'em next issue.

J. P. McGowan, the Kalem director, who broke his pelvis bone is hobbling about again and has thrown his crutches aside. He is full of pluck, this man. He and his company have returned from a three weeks' stay on the desert where they have been taking desert railroad stuff for the "Hazards of Helen" series. Said Helen, which her other name is Holmes, looks as though she had been on the sea coast for a summer and is as hearty as can be. They have taken some splendid scenes and are well satisfied with the trip.

Carlyle Blackwell has gone to New York for a business trip and the film for the six-reel "The High Hand" picture, has followed him. A private showing of this was given at Quinn's Superba Theater here last week, and the photoplay received much commendation, and Producer William D. Taylor came in for his due share of congratulation, as he certainly turned out a splendid play. Carlyle was excellent as usual and John Sheehan, Douglas Gerrard, Neva Gerber, and others in the cast all helped the film. It should be a winner.

At another private showing, "Hypocrites" gave satisfaction to the large audience invited, and Lois Weber has turned out a remarkable production for the Bosworth concern. This clever lady both wrote and directed the picture. She received most valuable support from Courtenay Foote, whose performance as the ascetic has probably never been bettered. Foote is so thoroughly "in" whatever part he assumes, and is an artist at all times. Myrtle Stedman was equally good as the nun and afterwards as the devotee, and she looked charming and acted with sincerity. "Hypocrites" should live.

Pauline Bush has her hearts desire, for she is to start in on another picture in which she may ride a horse, and if there is any one thing she likes better than another, it is to ride. Miss Bush is doing consistently good work and is appearing in a great variety of parts these days.

Grace Cunard is happy for she won the automobile given as first prize in a popularity contest run by a local paper recently. She was hard pressed by Fred Kley, Vicky Forde and Irene Hunt, and only won out at the finish. This adds another car to the two she already possesses.

Charlie Ray, of Inceville forces is appearing in a lighthouse play and has had to jump into the water twice of late, and the water is mighty cold right now, especially when one totters in with all of one's clothes on. These ocean photoplays are lots more comfortable to go through with a month or so later on. Charley is a fine swimmer, and indeed, an all round athlete.

At the same studios, Louise Glaum is knocking them all in a heap with her saucy little spring bonnets; Louise has a nack of wearing what other girls can't or won't, and she always looks pretty.

Ed. J. Le Saint has just completed "The Circular Staircase," with a delightful Stella Razeto in the lead and is now engaged upon a three-reel animal picture at the Selig Zoo, and Stella is brushing up her riding. Le Saint is turning out some sterling work.

Edna Maison has been doing strong dramatic work of late and there is little doubt she will have some strong plays written around her for this is her particular forte. Edna has a big command of the emotions and one of the most expressive faces on the mimic stage.

Otis Turner is well on the way with "The Black Box" series at the big "U," and Anna Little is going to "show" them by her work in this exciting and unusual set of pictures. It is not all stunts by any means and Anna had big opportunities of which she is making full use.

I had a note from Frank Montgomery and a letter from Mona Darkfeather, both from San Mateo, California, where Frank is managing director of the Liberty Company, and Mona is taking leads. Those who think that Mona can only play Indian girls have a big surprise and a treat ahead of them. They like it there very much and say they are busy turning out films all the time.

The Albuquerque has closed down for a short spell to allow Mr. Hamilton to go to New York, the Masterpiece starts up again in a few days and the Oz Company will soon be hard at it again. I am glad of this for Frank Baum is a splendid and a clever fellow.

The Photoplayer's Club is going great guns, now under the leadership of Dell Henderson, who, by the way has joined the Keystone forces. Some alterations have been made and there is a resident chef and meals can be obtained at all hours. All good business.

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Zane Grey, State University, Madison, Wis. Has anyone made a study of music as applied to motography?

Write to Harry A. Tech, director of the Essanay Studios.

MacDowell, Portland, Ore. Why does not the Poe story ever get into film?

Tales of racionation and psychological mystery are difficult to delineate. The great producer Griffith has successfully accomplished this. Adolph Eisner, formerly of the General Film now head of E. L. K. Film Company, has secured the state rights for this masterpiece and will make it the opening attraction at the Fine Arts Theater in Chicago, where "Neptune's Daughter" ran all last season.

"Wants to Know," Kansas City Who first filmed Columbus and what have they announced in a big way since?

The Selig Polyscope Company was the first west of New York to make a three-reel feature "The Coming of Columbus," now a standard historical. This company was equally successful in making the greatest hook-play film in America, "The Spoilers," and now they are about to motion-picturize the most imposing stage production of modern years, "The Garden of Allah."

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN

(*Continued from page 17*)

inquiring look at me before he settled himself for another snooze. "Dragoman"—that's a stunning name for a very handsome animal.

My curiosity got the better of me. "But doesn't he disturb the birds?"

"Not a bit of it. Why, Dragoman thinks that this aviary couldn't exist at all if he didn't keep watch—or rather snooze—all day under that palm. He's a perfect prefect of police. He likes them and knows them all by name as well as I do. He reached in to pet a great handsome raven. Immediately there was a jealous shriek from somewhere close at hand. I turned hurriedly to see what was the matter. In the parrot cage nearby a bird was viciously shaking its head—"Here Poll! Poll, pretty bird!—pretty Poll," it persisted pleadingly. Mr. Bushman threw back his head and snapped his fingers at her.

A great owl blinked solemnly and sagely at us and uttered no sound. But as we passed it browsed suddenly down and lit familiarly on Mr. Bushman's shoulder. He patted it lightly as he stepped up to a cockatoo's cage. "Bed-time!" he said and he tucked its head under its wing! Then he snapped off the light and the owl got its bearing and dignifiedly departed. The cooing and chirping and fluttering ceased. A soft whirr or so, the sound of Dragoman giving himself a final shaking—and then silence.

We stepped out into the hallway again and faced each other. He looked rested and thoroughly happy. I was altogether charmed with him and his "surprise" above all things. I told him so with real enthusiasm.

"I am glad you enjoyed it—and yes I am really glad to have given you this 'interview at home' and broken the rule for once. I have a fondness for all animals, but birds are best and I like them most of all, and I am truly happy to have shown them to you."

I was vengefully glad when I went in that I had circumvented the tall gaunt villain's obstinacy and gained my point, an 'interview at home' with Francis Bushman. But when I came out vengeful thoughts even toward the villain, had departed.

A Visit to the Favorite Players Studio

(*Continued from page 9*)

ready for work at eight-thirty, and that after a brief luncheon they worked until six o'clock and then met in the city later on to take a night scene, finally getting home at eleven o'clock with a call for the morrow at eight-thirty again. Of course, the work is not always so prolonged, but these good people work long hours and are not guided by the time clock and aim to take advantage of every little bit of sun there is, especially at this time of year (February) when the rains come along to interfere with picture taking.

A visit to the Favorite Players studio is not complete without calling in on Mrs. Daniels, who manages the office and most of the company for that matter. She is a "dear" she is the mother of the whole lot of them and hears all their trials and their joys, and she is not an ancient person at that she is just one of those charming ladies who readily hear others burdens and who help to make light of troubles. She has a big little daughter Bebe, who is going to make a fine actress—she is seen in the Favorite Players films occasionally.

The Favorite Players Company is bound to make good pictures where such excellent spirit prevails, they MAKE their work play by force of good will, and the fun they have with each other, and Carlyle Blackwell is as big a "kid" as any of them and bigger than most of them. I doubt whether he will ever be an old man, and Sheehan and Gerrard will he as youthful as he when they meet in after years to talk over all the good times they had when they were acting for the screen.

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